

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 52—No. 20.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1874.

PRICE { 4d. Unstamped.
5d. Stamped.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA, THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

Second Appearance of Mdlle Singelli.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 16, will be performed (for the second time) Auber's Opera, "CATERINA." Don Enrico, Signor Naudin; Rebolledo, Signor Agnelli; Il Conte Campo-Mayor, Signor Borella; Don Sebastiano, Signor Rinaldini; Mugnos, Signor Marchetti; Barbarigo, Signor Casaboni; Diana, Mdlle Biscarelli; and La Caterina, by Mdlle Louise Singelli (her second appearance in this country).

Extra Night.

MONDAY, May 18, third appearance of Mdlle Louise Singelli as La Caterina.

"Les Huguenots."

TUESDAY, May 19, Meyerbeer's Opera, "LES HUGUENOTS," with the following great cast: Raoul di Nangis, Signor Fancelli; Il Conte di St Bris, Signor Agnelli; Il Conte di Nevers, Signor Galassi; Coprifuoco, Signor Campobello; Huguenot Soldier, Signor Urlo; I tre Monaci, Signor Fabiani, Signor Costa, Signor Giulio Perkins; Marcello, Herr Behrens; Margherita di Valois, Mdlle Alwina Valleria; Urbano, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; Dama d'Onore, Mdlle Bauermeister; and Valentins, Mdlle Tietjens.

Extra Night.—Tietjens—Trebelli-Bettini—Rota—Campanini.

THURSDAY, May 21 (for the first time this season), Donzetti's Opera, "LU-CREZIA BORGIA." Gennaro, Signor Rota; Il Conte di Campagna (his first appearance this season); Il Duca Alfonso, Signor Rota; Maffio Orsini, Madame Trebelli-Bettini; and Lucrezia Borgia, Mdlle Tietjens.

Director of the Music and Conductor, Sir MICHAEL COSTA.

Doors open at eight o'clock, the Opera to commence at 8.30. Prices—Stalls, 2s; dress circle seats (numbered and reserved), 10s. 6d.; amphitheatre stalls, 7s. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s.

Tickets may be obtained of Mr. Bailey, at the Box-office, under the Portico of the Theatre, which is open daily from ten till five o'clock.

THE FIFTH TRIENNIAL HANDEL FESTIVAL at the CRYSTAL PALACE, JUNE 19, 22, 24, 26.

FOUR THOUSAND PERFORMERS.

CONDUCTOR SIR MICHAEL COSTA.

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The HANDEL FESTIVAL PAMPHLET, containing full particulars of price of admission and reserved seats, railway arrangements, &c., is now ready, and may be had on application at the Offices as above.

ROYAL ALBERT HALL AMATEUR ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY. President—H.R.H. the Duke of EDINBURGH, K.G. Mr FRED BERRIDGE will recite the Lyrics of Mendelssohn's "ATHALIE," at the Last Concert of this Season, SATURDAY, May 23rd.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS. Conductors—Dr WYLDER and Herr GANZ. The SIXTH GRAND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT will take place on WEDNESDAY Evening, May 20th, when Madame Esipoff will make her second appearance, and play Rubinstein's Concerto in D minor. Spohr's Symphony, "The Power of Sound," will be included in the programme. Tickets at Austin's; all Musicians; and Henry Klein & Co., 6, Argyll Street, Regent Street.

SCHUBERT SOCIETY, BEETHOVEN ROOMS, 27, Harley Street, W.—President, SIR JULIUS BENEDICT.—Founder and Director, Herr SCHUBERTH.—Eighth Season, 1874.—The remaining Concerts will take place on the following dates, viz.:

43rd Concert, Wednesday, May 27.
44th do. Wednesday, July 1st.

Prospectus is now ready, and may be had on application to Messrs Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.; Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; and full particulars from H. G. Hopper, Hon. Sec.

MADAME LUCCI SIEVERS (under the Patronage of her Pupils, Lady Castletown, Lady Spencer, Lady Duckworth, Lady Estcourt, Hon. Mrs. Byler, Hon. Miss Lytleton, &c., &c.) has the honour to announce her RECEPTIONS MUSICALS every FRIDAY, from Four to Six, at her residence, 16, QUEEN'S ROAD, Raywater, at which these Ladies and eminent professional Artists will assist.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), May 16, will be performed (first time this Season), "HAMLET." Mdlle Albani, Mdlle d'Angeri; Signori Baggiolo, Sabater, Capponi, Tagliafico, and M. Faure (his first appearance this Season). Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI.

On MONDAY Next, May 18 (first time this Season), "DON GIOVANNI." Madame Adelina Patti (her third appearance this Season), Mdlle d'Angeri, Mdlle Marie Martinon; Signori Nicolini, Ciampi, Tagliafico, Capponi, and M. Faure.

On TUESDAY Next, May 19, "I PURITANI." Mdlle Albani, Madame Corsi; Signori Cotogni, Baggiolo, Raguer, Bossi, and Pavan.

On THURSDAY Next, May 21, Verdi's Opera, "RIGOLETTO." Mdlle Albani, Mdlle Scalchi; Signor Graziani and Signor Bolla.

On FRIDAY Next, May 22 (first time this Season), "DER FREISCHUTZ." Mdlle d'Angeri, Mdlle Bianchi (her second appearance in England); Signor Bettini and M. Faure.

On SATURDAY, May 23 (for the first time this season), "LES DIAMANS DE LA COUBONNE." Caterina, Madame Adelina Patti.

The Opera commences at 8.30. The Box office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from ten till five o'clock. Pit tickets, 7s.; amphitheatre stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S ANNUAL GRAND

MORNING CONCERT, under the immediate Patronage of His Royal Highness the Prince of WALES, Her Royal Highness the Princess of WALES, His Royal Highness the Duke of EDINBURGH, Her Royal Highness the Duchess of EDINBURGH, Their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess CHRISTIAN, His Serene Highness the Duke of TECK, and

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of TECK (Princess Mary Adelaide), will take place on MONDAY, June 8, at the FLORAL HALL, Covent Garden—to commence at Two o'clock—at which Madame Adelina Patti, Mdlle Albani, and the principal Artists of the Royal Italian Opera will appear. Stalls, 21s.; reserved seats, 10s. 6d.; at the principal Musicians; Austin's, St James's Hall; the box office of the Theatre; and at SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S, 2, Manchester Square, W.

MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR, May 21st.—MADRIGALS and PART SONGS. ST JAMES'S HALL, THURSDAY Evening, May 21, Eight o'clock. Soloists—Norman-Neruda, Federici, and Charles Halle. Tickets, 6s., 3s., 2s., 1s.; at Austin's, and all Publishers.

MISS STEELE'S EVENING CONCERT on THURSDAY Next, at the HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS, at Eight o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Otto-Alvseben and Miss Steele; Mr Bentham (by kind permission of Mr Mapleson), Mr Finlay Finlayson, and Mr Santley. Mr Corney Grain (by kind permission of Mrs German Reed) will, between the Parts, give one of his Humorous Sketches. Grand Piano-forte—The Misses Kingston and Mr Geo. Forbes. Harmonium—Madame de Sievers. Violoncello—Mons Pague. Harp—Mr John Thomas (Harriet to her Majesty the Queen). Conductors—Mr GEORGE FORBES and Mr LINDSAY SLOPER. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; unreserved, 5s.; orchestra, 3s.; at Lamborn Cook; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., New Bond Street; Robert Olivier, Old Bond Street; and of Miss STEELE, 10, Regent's Park Terrace, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

MONS. ALEXANDRE BILLET begs to announce that he will give TWO RECITALS of CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC at ST GEORGE'S HALL, on WEDNESDAYS, May 20th and June 3rd, 1874, to commence each day at Three o'clock precisely. Violin—M. Saindon and Mr Carrodus. Violoncello—M. Pague. Piano-forte—Miss Levy (pupil of M. Billet) and M. Alexandre Billet. Vocalists—Miss Julia Wigan and Signor Caravoglia. Programme of the First Recital, WEDNESDAY Afternoon, May 20th, at Three o'clock precisely:—Trio in G minor, Op. 66, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—(a) "Fantasie Chromatique" (Bach), (b) "The Harmonious Blacksmith" (Handel), (c) "Rondo" in E flat (Weber)—M. Alexandre Billet; Sonata in F sharp minor, Op. 81, for Pianoforte alone—M. Alexandre Billet (Hummel); Aria, "Porgiamor" (Le Nozze di Figaro)—Miss Wigan (Mozart); Sonata in E flat, Op. 12, No. 3, for Pianoforte and violin—M. Alexandre Billet and M. Saindon (Beethoven); Set of Mazurkas, for pianoforte alone—M. Alexandre Billet (Chopin). Stalls (numbered and reserved), for the Two Recitals, One Guinea; single tickets, Half-a-Guinea. Tickets may be obtained at Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co.'s, 84, New Bond Street; at St George's Hall; and of M. BILLET, 17, Keppel Street, Russell Square.

MIDDLE IDA HENRY'S MORNING CONCERT,
ST GEORGE'S HALL, May 19th. Artists—Miss Helen Arnin, Mr Elmhurst, Messrs Louis Ries and Daubert. Conductor—Mr EATON FANNING. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 5s., of Middle HENRY, 4, Elm Road, Camden Square, N.W.

SIGNOR and Madame GUSTAVE GARCIA'S First Annual MORNING CONCERT, at ST GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, on WEDNESDAY, June 10th, 1874. Vocalists—Mesdames Regan-Schimon, Enequist, Antoinette Sterling, Garcia; Messrs Gardoni, Garcia, Sandley. Instrumentalists—Messrs Ernst Pauer, Sauret, Aphomas. Conductors—Messrs HANDEGGER, W. GANZ. Gounod's "Biondina" (12 chapters) will be sung by Signor and Madame Garcia. Boxes, £2 2s.; stalls, 10s. 6d.; balcony, 5s. Tickets at the Hall; Book-sellers and Music-sellers in Bond Street; and of Signor GARCIA, 54, Portadown Road, Maida Hill.

SIGNOR CARAVOGGLIA has the honour to announce that his Annual GRAND MORNING CONCERT will take place at ST GEORGE'S HALL, Langham Place, on WEDNESDAY, May 27, 1874—to commence at Half-past Two o'clock—when he will be assisted by the following eminent Artists:—Middle Carlotta Patti, Middle Roselli, and Madame Florence Lancia, Middle Macvitz (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.), Miss Purdy, and Signorine Badia; Signor Gardoni and Signor Rizzini (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.), Signor Rizzini, Mr Treilawny Cobham, and Signor Urto (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.), Signor Caravoglia, Signor Topal, and Signor Zeboli (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.), Signor Campobello and Signor Borella (by kind permission of J. H. Mapleson, Esq.), Pianoforte—Signor Tito Mattel, Violin—Mons Sauret, Harp—Herr Oberthur. Conductors—Signor Tito Mattel and Signor Romano, Signor Barri and Signor Mazzoni, Signor Badia, Herr Lehmayr, and Herr Ganz. Stalls, One Guinea; reserved seats, Half-a-Guinea; balcony, 5s. Tickets to be obtained of Signor Caravoglia, 29, Colville Square, Baywater, W.; or at Messrs J. B. Cramer & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street, W. Carriages to be ordered at Five o'clock.

AGNES and VIOLET MOLYNEUX (Sir Julius Benedict's Pupils, who had the honour of playing before the Queen at Windsor Castle,) will give a PIANOFORTE RECITAL, under distinguished patronage, at the WESTBOURNE HALL, Baywater, May 19, at Eight o'clock. Stalls, 5s.; admission, 2s.; 1s.; of Mr Poole, 44, Westbourne Grove; also of Madame MOLYNEUX, 17, Victoria Villas, Kilburn.

CONCERT SINGING.—Wanted, ENGAGEMENTS to sing at Good Concerts, by two young ladies. Have powerful voices, with a clear articulation of words, and have been instructed in singing by a pupil of the R.A.M. They can undertake Duets and Solos.—Address, Miss A. H., care of Messrs Richardson & Co., 23, Cornhill, E.C.

MR CHARLES DAVIESON (from the Conservatoire of Leipzig, pupil of the late Moscheles, Reinecke, &c.) has returned to Town for the Season, after his tour as Solo Pianist and Accompanist to Madame Patey and party. Applications for Lessons, Concerts, and Soirees, &c., to be addressed, care of Messrs Duncan Davison and Co., 244, Regent Street; or Mr Cunningham Bossey, 2, Little Argyll Street, W.

REMOVAL.

MISS LILLIE ALBRECHT, Pianist (of M. Riviere's Concerts, Royal Italian Opera House), can now accept ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Soirees, &c. Communications may be addressed to the care of Messrs Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street; or to Miss Lillie Albrecht, at her NEW residence, 38, Oakley Square, N.W.

MUSIC BUSINESS FOR SALE.

MESSRS. M. GUNN & SONS, of Dublin, beg to announce that, having purchased the Theatre Royal, Dublin, they intend to DISPOSE of the Entire STOCK and of the GOODWILL of their BUSINESS.

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There is a large number of Instruments on Hire at very remunerative rates. The Stock of Sheet Music is one of the finest in the provinces; and the counter trade is a steady and improving one, averaging £50 per week.

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"A more appropriate title it is impossible to conceive; it is precisely what it professes to be."—*Musical Review*.

STANLEY LUCAS, WEBBER & CO., 84, New Bond Street,

WARBLINGS AT EVE. Song by BRINLEY RICHARDS.

Words by HENRY FARNIE. "An exquisitely chaste song, sweetly expressive, and in no respect inferior to any of the happiest efforts of this popular composer."—*Court Circular*. Price 4s. The same for the Pianoforte, 4s. Post free for 24 stamps each.

LET THE HILLS RESOUND. Arranged for the

Pianoforte by BRINLEY RICHARDS. "Mr Richards has faithfully transcribed his own popular song for the Pianoforte."—*Edinburgh Courant*. The song, 3s.; piano solo and duet, 4s. each; post free at half-price. The part song, 4 stamps.—London: ROBERT COCKS & Co., New Burlington Street.

"ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH." Song. Words by

MONTGOMERY. Music by the Rev. M. HAST. (Arranged by HENRI DE SOLLA.) Price 4s.

"AT MORN I BESEECH THEE."—Ancient Hebrew

Melody, with Accompaniment for Piano or Harmonium. Words by S. GABRIEL (12th century). Extracted from the Collection of Sacred Hymns and Prayers, edited by the Rev. M. HAST and Professor MICHAEL BRIGSON. Price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

Published This Day.

THE Celebrated POLONAISE from Glinka's Opera,

"THE LIFE OF THE CZAR." Arranged for the Pianoforte by IGONAS GIBSON. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street.

"THE MAIDEN'S SIGH."

RÉVERIE for the PIANOFORTE.

Composed by LILLIE ALBRECHT.

Price 3s.

London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"A 'Maiden's Sigh' has been many a time musically illustrated before Lillie Albrecht undertook the task; nevertheless, she has done well."—*The Graphic*.

"Pieces of this class are so numerous that the task of writing another, which shall have distinctive features, is one of considerable difficulty. On the whole, the fair composer of 'The Maiden's Sigh' may be congratulated. Her music is pleasing, and not without its use in an educational point of view. As an exercise, not to say as a pastime, it deserves approval."—*The Musical World*.

"Lillie Albrecht's little piece, 'The Maiden's Sigh,' is called a 'Réverie for the Pianoforte.' It is effective, and a good exercise for the fingers."—*London Figure*.

"'The Maiden's Sigh,' a Pianoforte Réverie, by Lillie Albrecht, consists of a melody, with embellishments of a conventional and perfectly orthodox character. It deserves to have a place among what are sometimes called 'Moreaux de Salon.'"—*The Daily Telegraph*.

"Pianists will find in Lillie Albrecht's Réverie, 'The Maiden's Sigh,' an acceptable little moreau."—*Sunday Times*.

"'The Maiden's Sigh,' Réverie for the Pianoforte, by Lillie Albrecht, is a graceful little piece by a juvenile pianist, whose clever performances have lately attracted much attention."—*Illustrated London News*.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The revival of *Il Guarany*, the second and most successful production of the young Brazilian composer, Carlos Gomez, made much the same impression as was created by its first appearance at Covent Garden in 1872. Such an unintelligible farrago as the libretto has rarely been submitted to a composer, and, as we have said before, we say again, it is a wonder that Senor Gomez could do anything acceptable with it. True, there is no originality in his music, which is a sort of feeble reflex of Meyerbeer and Verdi, with scarcely a trait of individuality to redeem it. It contains, nevertheless, some pieces which, when sung by competent artists, can hardly fail to be effective. Among them may be singled out the air for Emilia, the heroine ("Gentile di cuore"), the romance for the same personage ("C'era una volta un principe"), and, above all, the song of the "Adventurers" (Senza tetto, senza cuna), for Gonzales—which last is thoroughly and characteristically Spanish. The first and third of these were loudly encored—thanks to the admirable execution of Mdle Marimon, in the one instance, and, in the other, of Signor Cotogni, who has rarely sung with more spirit and "abandon." The "cast" of *Il Guarany* differs essentially from that of 1872. Mdle Marimon takes the place of Mdle Sessi in the part of Emilia; Signor Bolis that of Signor Nicolini, as chief of the Guarany tribe; M. Maurel that of M. Faure, as Il Caccio, chief of the antagonistic tribe of the Aimorés; and Signor Capponi that of Signor Bagagiolo, as the Portuguese Hidalgo, Don Antonio. Signor Cotogni is again Gonzales, and a better could with difficulty be found. On the whole, a more effective performance of this grotesque opera (a sort of "Brummagem" *Africaine*) could hardly have been wished. Mdle Marimon sang all the music of Emilia, much of which is exceptionally trying, in absolute perfection; and the new tenor, Signor Bolis, as Pery, advanced another step in public opinion. The *mise-en-scène* is as imposing and splendid as when *Il Guarany* was produced under the direction of the late Mr Harris, and the chorus and orchestra were excellent. Signor Bevignani conducted.

On Saturday night the opera was *Rigoletto*, the masterpiece of Verdi. The Gilda of Mdle Albani, highly praised last year, is still more deserving of praise now. Not only as a singer has she made remarkable progress, but as an actress also. Her impersonation of the unhappy daughter of the Court Jester is in all respects effective, touching in its simplicity, and no less so in its true and unaffected pathos. A more ideal embodiment of the character could not be well imagined. Mdle Albani (which was hardly the case last year) has now got the music—the most melodious ever composed by Verdi—both in her head and in her heart, and sings it with an indefinable charm. Her first duet with Rigoletto at once gained the sympathy of the audience; and this was increased by the succeeding duet with the Duke, who woos Gilda in the guise of a poor student—Walter Maldé. Her crowning effort, however, was her quiet, and, at the same time, expressive delivery of the soliloquy, "Caro nome," in which Gilda dwells with such lingering tenderness upon the name and memory of her unknown lover. This was in every sense perfect, and made a deep impression. The duet with Rigoletto, when the woe-begone Jester meets his daughter in the Palace of the Duke, was equally successful, and the quartet in the last act, one of the most dramatic pieces of music ever composed, was encored with unanimity. Henceforth the Gilda of Mdle Albani will rank among her most finished assumptions. Her companions were Mdle Scalchi, Signors Bolis, Graziani, and Tagliafico. It was the first appearance this season of Signor Graziani, who was honoured with a flattering reception. The Rigoletto of this artist is what it has always been, full of earnest intention. His voice, even now one of the finest of baritones, would alone suffice to charm. Signor Bolis sings the music given to the Duke of Mantua better than the majority of tenors we have heard for the last twenty years. His great air, "La Donna è Mobile," superbly sung, was encored with enthusiasm, and repeated, as a matter of course. Mdle Scalchi's Maddalena was, so far as vocal execution goes, all that could be wished, and Signor Tagliafico still remains the best of Sparafuciles. The artist who can play Basilio (in the *Barbiere*) and Sparafucile (not to speak of so many other characters) equally well is a valuable member of any operatic company. The performance generally of *Rigoletto* (conductor, Signor Bevignani) was excellent.

The "calls" for Mdle Albani, and the bouquets thrown to her from the most prominent boxes, were as nothing compared with the strongly-pronounced opinion of the audience—the most crowded of the season. The Prince and Princess of Wales were in the Royal box.

A crowded house assembled on Tuesday night to welcome once more that universal favourite, Madame Adelina Patti, who appeared in one of those characters which she has long made her own. About her performance as the heroine of Rossini's immortal *Barbiere* we have spoken so often that to state that she was received with the accustomed enthusiasm will answer all purposes. Her appearance at the balcony window of Bartolo's house was recognised in a manner which proved how highly she is esteemed by the frequenters of the opera, and her brilliant vocalization in the famous cavatina, "Una voce poco fa," with its sequel, "Io sono docile," sufficed to show that she was in full possession of her unrivalled means. This, like the second couplet of the duet with Figaro ("Dunque io son") was elaborately embellished, according to the manner of the times; but the ornaments and *floriture* of Madame Patti are executed with such invariable taste and facility that, however they might astonish Rossini, they always seem in good keeping. In the lesson scene, Madame Patti (as of old) introduced the *bolero* from Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes*, which being, as usual encored, she (again as of old) gave "Home, sweet home," in English, after her own incomparable fashion. How this was received we need hardly say. All the rest was to match. Madame Patti is now in the meridian of her powers, and what those powers are every amateur knows. Her companions were Mdle Corsi (Bertha), Signors Bettini (Almaviva), Cotogni (Figaro), Ciampi (Bartolo), and Bagagiolo (Basilio)—why not Signor Tagliafico, Signor Vianesi was the conductor, and the overture was admirably played.

The other operas performed during the week have been *Il Trovatore* (Monday); *Dinorah*, with Madame Patti as the heroine (Thursday); and *Guillaume Tell* (Friday). *Hamlet*, for the first appearance of M. Faure, and the first appearance of Mdle Albani as Ophelia, is announced for to-night. This will be a feast for amateurs.

MARIE KREBS IN DUBLIN.

(From the "Daily Express," Friday, May 8.)

Mdle Marie Krebs, whose pianoforte performance was heard with so much pleasure at the concert of the "Philharmonic" Society on Wednesday, gave a recital yesterday afternoon at the Ancient Concert Rooms. The opportunity thus afforded of hearing her play in a comparatively small room confirmed the impression that, though a young artist, she is very highly gifted and thoroughly accomplished in every respect. Her programme included no less than thirteen pieces, all of which she played from memory. Her execution was characterized by great brilliance and precision, and reflected with distinctness all diversities of style. Her double *fortes* were balanced by *pianissimos* of such delicacy, and the intermediate shades of colour introduced with such regard to proportion, that the symmetry of the entire was complete. Beethoven's *Sonata Appassionata* was delightful to hear. The *Andante con moto* theme, which unfolds into such a beautiful flower in the shape of a variation, we would have preferred—if we may venture to differ from so gifted a player—with less marked diversity as to time. The *Allegro ma non troppo* was taken very fast; but the expression given to the *presto* passage at the end justified it. Two pieces by Schumann followed, and then came Beethoven's splendid *Polonaise*, Op. 89. Three somewhat antique but very pretty pieces by Scarlatti were treated with ample justice. The study in B flat, by C. Krebs, reminded one of the style of Bach. Weber's *Moto continuo* was played most splendidly, eliciting a greater amount of applause than was given to anything else—and it should be observed that every piece was more or less applauded. The delicate sentiment and fragile form of Chopin's *Impromptu* were presented to the audience without the shadow of a fault. Finally she played transcriptions by Liszt of a melody by Schubert, and of the waltz in *Faust*. That most glorious ideal of waltzes was shown through the kaleidoscope of Liszt in forms of brilliant variety, interspersed with thoughts of the transcriber—one of the *arias* of the opera stealing in at the end—all of which Mdle Krebs dashed off with unerring precision and spirit. We feel assured that all who have heard her will be delighted to hear her again.

MEMORIAL TO BALFE.

(From the "Dublin Daily Express," May 4.)

On Saturday a meeting was held in the Mansion House, at four o'clock in the afternoon, for the purpose of taking measures to commemorate the genius of the late eminent Irish musician and composer, Michael W. Balfe. Amongst those present were—Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell, K.C.M.G. and C.B.; Very Rev. Dean Macdonnell, D.D.; Hercules Macdonnell, J.P.; Joseph Robinson, R. M. Levey, Herr Elsner, Thos. M'Dermott, William Gernon, William Bentham, Willert Beale, John O'Duffy, John Gunn, Sir Robert Stewart, Mus. Doc., &c. The chair was taken by Sir Richard G. Macdonnell.

Mr. Hercules Macdonnell stated that he had received several letters from persons of distinction expressing sympathy with this movement. One was from the Duke of Leinster, another from the Rev. Lord O'Neill, a very accomplished musician, both enclosing subscriptions; and there were also letters from Lord O'Hagan, the Rev. Chancellor Tisdall, and the Lord Mayor, M.P. all of which were absent in London. Michael Balfe was born in Dublin on the 15th May, 1808. His musical talents were early exhibited. He became a performer on the violin, and in his youth went to Italy, where he studied music, and in the year 1829, at the age of 21, produced his first opera at Palermo. From that date until 1863 hardly a year passed without the production by Balfe of some new and generally successful opera. In addition to these he wrote an astonishing amount of songs and other detached works, many of which had become as household words all over Europe. The sale of some of these had been prodigious. Some of his songs had realized for the publishers—not for Balfe himself—£1,000. Many of his English operas had been translated into German, French, and Italian, and played in every capital in Europe, while he had written others in foreign languages which had not yet been translated into English. The MSS. of his compositions constituted an immense mass, and were a signal proof of his great industry. These were now in the library of the British Museum. It was to be regretted that there was no place for them in Ireland; but at all events they were safe where they were. Although other composers might have been greater, Balfe was the first Englishman—or rather Irishman—who established a footing abroad and made his musical fame universal throughout Europe. He died on the 20th October, 1870. Within a week afterwards a document, signed by nearly all the most distinguished musicians of the day, including Costa, Benedict, Reeves, Santley, &c., and by many of the first literary men, was presented to the Dean of Westminster asking to have a tablet erected in Westminster Abbey. Some delay and difficulty occurred in the way of that project; and in the meantime £900 was subscribed in London for a statue of Balfe, which is to stand in the vestibule of Drury Lane Theatre. Amongst the subscribers to it were the Duke of Leinster, and Boucicault, Sir Michael Costa, who gave £50, and Nilsson who gave the same amount. The Dean of Westminster was disposed to have the tablet, the erection of which was only deferred, placed in the cloisters of the Abbey. He (Mr. Macdonnell) trusted that that project would be carried out, as six inches in Westminster Abbey would be a greater memorial than could be erected elsewhere. So far all that had been done had been done in England. Now he asserted that something should be done in Balfe's native city to make known to posterity that he was an Irishman, and to correct the idea which prevailed very much amongst admirers of his genius abroad that he was an Englishman. For these reasons he moved—"That the name of the eminent musician and composer, Balfe, deserves to be commemorated by the Irish public, on the ground of his having been one of those distinguished Irishmen whose widely extended fame has conferred honour on his country."

Mr. Joseph Robinson, in seconding the resolution, said he knew, from one of the most eminent publishing houses in the world, that within the last two years no less than 20,000 copies had been printed of the last edition of one of Balfe's songs. The resolution passed unanimously. Mr. R. M. Levey said we ought to have in Dublin a full length statue of Balfe. In the smallest towns of the Continent there were statues of their native composers; but, unfortunately, in this country music was not yet respected as it was on the Continent. Mr. Gernon said a mere bust of Balfe would be a form of commemoration utterly unworthy of Ireland. Balfe's fame was European; Ireland had been reproached with being *incuriosa suorum*. But she also had the credit of being a music loving nation. He begged to throw out the idea that an appeal to the country ought to be made for the means of founding a Balfe scholarship in connection with the Royal Irish Academy of Music. He believed that if they told Cork, Belfast, and the other cities of Ireland that they wanted to do this, and put their shoulders to the wheel, they would not be disappointed. Mr. Joseph Robinson concurred in the view of Mr. Gernon, observing that scholarships in the names of Sterndale Bennett and Parepa-Rosa had been founded in the Royal Musical Academy of London. Mr. John Gunn supported Mr. Gernon's view. Mr. Levey accordingly moved—"That it will be a desirable memorial to place a bust or statue of Balfe in the

National Gallery of Dublin; and that in addition a fund shall be collected for the purpose of founding a musical prize or scholarship in connection with the Royal Irish Academy of Music, to be called the Balfe prize or scholarship, and to be subject to such conditions as the committee to be appointed by this meeting, in conjunction with the directors of the Royal Irish Academy of Music, shall determine." Mr. Gernon seconded the above, which was unanimously agreed to.

On the motion of Mr. Thomas M'Dermott, seconded by Mr. Bentham, a resolution was passed limiting the amount of subscription to £1, and appointing the following committee to carry out the objects of the meeting:—The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor, M.P.; the Duke of Leinster, the Rev. Lord O'Neill, Viscount Gough, the Right Hon. Lord O'Hagan, Sir Jocelyn Coghlin, Bart.; Sir Arthur Guinness, Bart., M.P.; Sir Richard G. Macdonnell, K.C.M.G. and C.B.; Sir John Gray, M.P.; Rev. Chancellor Tisdale, D.D.; Rev. Thomas Donnelly, C.C.; Very Rev. Dean Macdonnell, D.D.; John Stanford, Esq.; Henry Doyle, Esq., Director National Gallery; George Benson, Sir Robert Stewart, Mus. D., Professor of Music, University, Dublin; Herr Elsner, Joseph Robinson, Esq.; Willert Beale, Thomas MacDermott, Esq.; R. M. Levey, Esq.; William Gernon, George Sproule, Esq.; Michael Gunn, Esq. T.C.; Henry Toole, Esq.; Sir Francis Brady, Bart., Q.C., &c.; Hercules Macdonnell, Esq., J.P.; William Bentham, Esq., Hon. Secs. Royal Irish Academy of Music. T. A. Jones, Esq., President, R.H.A.; T. Maxwell Hutton, Esq., J.P.; Robert Reeves, Esq.; and John O'Duffy, hon. treasurer. On the motion of Mr. Gernon it was ordered that the committee should invite Cork, Belfast, Limerick, and other towns in Ireland to co-operate by appointing local committees. On the motion of Sir R. Stewart, thanks were voted to the Lord Mayor for having permitted the meeting to take place in the Mansion House. Mr. John Gunn was called to the chair, and thanks having been voted to Sir Richard Macdonnell, the proceedings terminated.

MUSIC IN BIRMINGHAM.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The musical season of 1873-74 has now closed, the last two concerts being, each in its way, of more than usual excellence; that of the Amateur Harmonic Association in particular deserving high praise, alike for its enterprise in introducing (for the first time in Birmingham) Macfarren's oratorio of *St John the Baptist*, and for the exceedingly creditable manner of its performance, showing how much pains had been bestowed in the way of preliminary rehearsals. On the occasion of its original production, at the Bristol Musical Festival, October 23rd, 1873, with singular unanimity the entire press, and those of the public who were fortunate enough to hear it, agreed most cordially in at once placing the oratorio as something altogether *hors ligne*, a masterpiece worthy to rank with the highest works of similar character, one which might fairly challenge comparison with aught that the divine art has at any time, ancient or modern, given to the world. This impression was more than confirmed by the recent performance at Exeter Hall, when the enthusiasm was raised to a point seldom witnessed at the hands of a London audience, who, as a rule, are not inclined to be very demonstrative in their expressions of approval. The verdict of the Metropolis is so much the more important as it is based on the intrinsic worth of the subject taken on its own merits, and divested of the excitement usually attendant on provincial festivals, when the local *amour propre* is invited, and the public feeling naturally enlisted in favour of a production expressly composed in honour of the particular gathering. The independent judgment of Exeter Hall has now been endorsed most cordially by Birmingham, whose Town Hall resounded with heartiest plaudits from a large audience, many of whom must frequently have "assisted" at the performance of new oratorios in the same building, and who were equally prepared to give Mr. Macfarren's work as warm a welcome as if it had been written for one of their own great triennial festivals.

The scope and general outline of the oratorio are now so well known to all who care to take an interest in music, that I may consider myself absolved from entering into detail. Suffice it to say that, of the twenty-four numbers of which it is made up, the first decided impression was created by the baritone air, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand;" the air (for same voice), "I indeed baptize you with water," the first of the two worthy to rank with Mendelssohn's "Is not His word," although altogether different in character; the chorus for female voices, "This is my beloved Son," with its exquisite introduction, in which the

harp arpeggios and the octave passages for the strings are so remarkably effective,—the result being an irresistible encore, a like compliment being paid to the chorus at the end of the first part, "My soul praise the Lord," in which Croft's tune of the 104th Psalm, familiarly known as "Hanover," is first sung in plain choral harmony, and then worked out as a fugue treated in the most elaborate and masterly manner. The unaccompanied quartet (penultimate number of the work), "Blessed are they which are persecuted," was also repeated in compliance with general desire; while the final chorus, "What went ye out into the wilderness for to see?" brought the work to a majestic and worthy close. Mr Macfarren was not present, but it may be a satisfaction to know that, apart from the ordinary expressions of approval, which were of exceptional force, I have had subsequent opportunities of ascertaining the individual opinions of many whose experience in music entitles their views to respect, and I can hear no dissentient voice. Speaking for myself, and having heard almost every new oratorio since the year 1846, when Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was first given to the world, I do not hesitate to say that, making full allowance for the undoubted ability shown in many of the productions of (nearly) the last thirty years, not one of them appears to me to be so thoroughly coherent, so masterly in conception, so perfect in carrying out—in a word, so completely satisfactory in all respects as Macfarren's *St John the Baptist*. In my enthusiasm for the composition, I have for the moment lost sight of the executants, Mrs Sutton, soprano, Mdme Alice Barnett, contralto, Mr Henry Guy, tenor, and Signor Gustave Garcia, baritone, all of whom exerted themselves to the utmost, and with proportionate success, to render justice to their respective parts, the first named lady being, however, rather overweighted by the trying *bravura* air of Salome, "I rejoice in my youth." In the recitatives allotted to the "Narrator," Mdme Barnett displayed great earnestness of intention, and Signor Garcia gave an even reading of the very exacting music which falls to the part of St John—Mr Guy fairly meeting the requirements of the tenor music. Allowance for an occasional slip in the fugues, the chorus sang with remarkable precision and great attention to the requisite light and shade—thanks to the careful conducting of Mr A. J. Sutton. For Birmingham, the band was reasonably efficient, but to expect anything like refinement or delicacy would be hopeless. The next concert of the Association is to be in the autumn, when another great work of a great musician (also English, happily,) will be given, Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*.

The last concert of the Birmingham Musical Union—or, in other words, Messrs Adams and Beresford—furnished a programme of undoubted strength, embracing two chamber compositions of exceptional magnitude, Schubert's Octet in F major being the one, and Beethoven's Septet in E flat the other. Thanks to Arthur Chappell and the Monday "Pops," both these works have been for some years familiarised to the public; thanks to the local *entrepreneurs*, Birmingham is not altogether a stranger to the second, and having now made acquaintance with the first-named, and received it with due appreciation, may probably have an opportunity of again hearing it at one of the concerts of the next series. Messrs Ludwig, Ward, Bernhardt, Vieuxtemps, Moreton, Lazarus, Mann, and Wootton were the executants, and acquitted themselves worthily—Mr Lazarus, in the clarinet part, so important in both works, again unmistakably asserting himself as the first living professor of his instrument, and, in his perfection of phrasing and unerring intonation, reading a lesson worthy of imitation by not a few singers of more or less eminence. Raff's Cavatina in D (a piece of vapid, commonplace, and meaningless sentiment) and Paganini's *Moto perpetuo* afforded Herr Ludwig an opportunity of displaying his command over opposite schools of violin playing; but it would have been more satisfactory to his hearers had he selected something worthier the general excellence of the programme, which, in addition to the pieces already named, included Sterndale Bennett's "Sketches" for the piano-forte, *The Lake, the Mill-stream, and the Fountain*, the judgment on which, passed by Robert Schumann, has been confirmed by all who appreciate what constitutes the best and purest of musical art. Dr Swinnerton Heap, who, it should not be forgotten, was second to take the Mendelssohn Scholarship—Arthur Sullivan being first—played the three "Sketches" *con amore*.

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)

In my last letter I mentioned that there were still three concerts of considerable importance to be given here. These performances have taken place, and our Glasgow musical season proper may now be considered finished. The first concert was that of the Albany Musical Association, at which was performed Signor Randegger's deservedly popular cantata, *Fridolin*. The large hall of the Queen's Rooms was completely filled by a brilliant audience, called together by private invitation, and amongst whom were to be found nearly every musician of note, whether amateur or professional in Glasgow. The concert, especially regarding the music itself, was a perfect success. Only one opinion was expressed as to the rare merits of the composition, and there remains nothing for me to do but congratulate Signor Randegger on the high position he has so honourably gained for himself in Glasgow as the composer of a great work. The chorus gave a most intelligent rendering of their part of the cantata. Miss Kemlo Stephen was eminently successful in the solo and soprano music, singing it in such style that I am sure the composer would have felt highly gratified had he been present. The other solo parts, if not so admirably sustained, were all given with the greatest possible care and appreciation. The orchestra was tolerably complete. The study of the work was carried through under Mr Lambeth, of the Glasgow Choral Union, who conducted at the concert.

The Glasgow Lyrical Society gave, on the following evening, their last concert of the season. The chief work performed was Mr F. H. Cowen's cantata, *The Rose Maiden*. The attendance was not very large, but those who were present seemed immensely to enjoy the music and its performance, re-demanding some of the movements. The Lyrical Society, under Mr P. S. Terras, is a hard working and useful choir, to which Glasgow is indebted for the first hearing of many works.

The last concert was given by the Glasgow Amateur Orchestral Society. It is with pleasure I can record a vast improvement in this society's performance. The programme consisted of high-class music selected with due regard to the capabilities of the executants. On some former occasions, the choice of pieces exhibited a degree of ambition which resulted in comparative failure. This time, however, the concert was really an enjoyable one, and the vast and fashionable audience went away delighted with the evening's entertainment. The marked progress made is due in great measure to the new conductor, Signor Zaverthal, who is most assiduous in his labours of drilling, and who shows praiseworthy earnestness in everything he undertakes. This gentleman has just been elected conductor of one of our local choral societies. Thus concluded the most prolific musical season ever known in Glasgow.

Undertakings are already contemplated for next autumn; and so soon as they take definite shape, I shall not fail to advise you.

MUSIC AT SYDNEY.

(From our own Correspondent.)

G. B. Allen's Royal English Opera company has just completed a most successful season here. *Genevieve de Brabant* has proved the greatest commercial success ever known, principally owing to Miss Alice May's charming impersonation of Drogan. Besides this light work, we have had others of a more substantial character, among which Benedict's *Colleen Bawn* stands out well. As Eily, Miss May has no equal, vocally or dramatically. The company are now about leaving for New Zealand, where a brilliant reception may be expected. There has been no other musical event worth recording, either here or in Melbourne, since my last. At the Opera House in the latter named place *Nemesis* has been produced with effect, dramatically; but, as Mr Allen has carried off nearly every singer of note, Mr Lyster's company can scarcely be called an operative one. He will, however, soon open an Italian season, with general additions to his present Italian company, at an increased rate of admission. Among his new artists Mdle Palmiere stands out conspicuously. Madame Anna Bishop is about to pay another visit to these colonies. Mdle Clauss, with M. Rekel and *sille*, are at present in New Zealand, being guided by that able *entrepreneur*, Signor Biscaccianti.

February 20th, 1874.

PROPOSED MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT LIVERPOOL.

(From the "Liverpool Daily Albion.")

A large number of persons in Liverpool who take an interest in music have contemplated for some time past the expediency of getting up a monster musical festival in this town, after the manner of the festivals which have been held with such success in Birmingham and other large provincial towns. The project has at length assumed form, and may be said to be now on the high road to accomplishment. A largely attended meeting of those interested in the matter was held on Tuesday, the 27th April, at the Town Hall, under the presidency of the Deputy-Mayor, Mr Edward Whitley. Amongst those present were Sir J. Benedict, Mr Raffles, Mr Eggers, Mr A. P. Fletcher, Mr W. Macfie, Mr David Campbell, Mr Hart, Mr J. B. Cooper, Mr Philipps, Mr Geves, Mr James Houghton, Mr Bowring, Mr P. Bancroft, Mr Forwood, Mr Benson, Mr Rathbone, Mr Audsley, Mr Bowes, Mr Kurtz, Mr T. Holder, Mr E. Musgrove, and Mr S. Drielsma. It was announced that among those favourable to the project were Mr Robertson Gladstone, jun., Mr J. A. Picton, Mr P. H. Rathbone, Mr W. Crosfield, and Mr James Beazley. Sir J. Benedict expressed a sanguine expectation as to the success of the project. It was determined that the proceeds of the undertaking should be devoted to some of the charities of the town, and that a guarantee fund should be raised. A committee was appointed for the furtherance of the object, and a treasurer and secretary were also appointed. It is, we understand, intended to offer a number of prizes to be competed for at the festival, which will probably be held at the beginning of October.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

Beyond repetitions of *Fidelio*, the *Huguenots*, and *Norma*, nothing demanding notice occurred last week, except a performance of the *Traviata*, with a new Violetta in the person of an American lady, whose professional name is Imogene Orelli. Allowing for nervousness, which prevented her from exerting her full powers to advantage, it must be admitted that Mdle Orelli has made herself thoroughly well acquainted with the part, sings the music correctly, exhibits much dramatic intelligence, and seems quite at ease on the stage. Beyond this we can say no more until we have another opportunity of judging her. The reception she obtained from the audience was kind and encouraging. The Alfredo was Signor Fancelli, Signor Galassi undertook the character of the elder Germont, that exemplary young hero's father, and Mdle Bauermeister was the Amina. The general performance, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, was all that could be desired, orchestra and chorus being equally efficient. On Monday *Semiramide* was repeated.

On Tuesday Mr Mapleson's new singer, Mdle Louise Singelli, made her first appearance before an English audience, and was received with every mark of favour. The opera was *Caterina*, a new Italian version of Auber's charming opera, *Les Diamans de la Couronne*, which, thanks to Sir Michael Costa, was represented in its integrity, the only interpolations being the accompanied recitatives set to the original spoken dialogue composed in Italy by Signor Gelli, who has accomplished his task both unobtrusively and well. Mdle Singelli's success was unequivocal. She has all the requisites, personal and artistic, for the part of the young Queen of Portugal, whom Scribe has made so romantic and Auber so musically attractive, and her worth was unanimously appreciated. No recent success was ever more complete and genuine than that of this young and charming new-comer. The other artists were Mdle Risarelli (Diana), Signors Naudin (Enrico), Agnesi (Rebolledo), Borella (Compo-Mayor), and Rinaldini (Sebastiano). We reserve further remarks upon the performance, one of the most finished that has been given at Her Majesty's Opera, under the direction of Sir Michael Costa.

Le Nozze di Figaro was produced on Thursday night, with one of those strong casts to which Mr Mapleson has always been laudably partial. When Mdle Tietjens plays the Countess in Mozart's beautiful opera, supported by Madame Trebelli as Cherubino, and by Mdle Marie Roze, Signor Agnesi, Signor Rota, and Signor Borella, there can be only one result—complete success. This was the upshot of Thursday night's performance,

and to it all the artists just named more or less contributed. The Countess of Mdle Tietjens has long been acknowledged as a masterpiece in its way, not only because the music is sung to perfection, but also because the character of Rosina, as depicted by Beaumarchais, is reproduced line for line. Less demonstrative than most of Mdle Tietjens' famous impersonations, it is not less worthy than the best of study and approval. Mdme Trebelli was again a charming Cherubino, and once more her singing of "Voi che sapete" brought down the house with a resolute encore. As for the new Susannah—Mdle Marie Roze—we do not hesitate to place her among the very best of the artists who have lately essayed that sprightly and engaging part. Mdle Roze played last night with rare good taste, entering completely into the spirit of the character, and reproducing it exactly. As she acted, so she sang, never presuming to change a note of Mozart's text, and delivering every phrase with a natural and unforced expression that left nothing to desire. Her "Deh vieni" was one of the purest examples of how Mozart's music should be interpreted that has come under our notice in recent years. The Count of Signor Rota, the Figaro of Signor Agnesi, and the Bartolo of Signor Borella, contributed much to the general success of an admirable performance, as did a faultless rendering of the orchestral music. *Caterina* is announced for repetition to-night.

HERR ERNST PAUER.

For the fourth time Herr Pauer comes forward with a series of pianoforte performances which he styles "historical," but to which, perhaps, the term "chronological" might be still fitter applied. More interesting exemplifications of what has been done for the art in a particular way could hardly be thought of. Our only possible objection to Herr Pauer's general scheme is that he omits all reference to such composers as Friedemann Bach—eldest son of John Sebastian, and by universal consent the most gifted, if not the most industrious of his sons; Woelfl, Steibelt, J. B. Cramer, Moscheles, and our own English Pinto. With Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, &c.—thanks to the Monday Popular Concerts—we are tolerably well acquainted; but we want to know more of other men, who, if not their equals, have, at any rate, exercised a powerful influence on the progress of the art of playing on the pianoforte. Sterndale Bennett, too, has surely written other things besides his musical sketches, "The Lake, the Millstream and the Fountain," from which, by the way, at the third concert, the second and finest is to be omitted—not, we need hardly say, on account of its difficulty of execution, inasmuch as Herr Pauer is one of those performers to whom difficulties are unknown. But there are the "Three Romances," the "Three Impromptus," the *Rondo Piacerevole* (played not long since by Dr Hans von Bülow), and a good many other pieces, without speaking of the Sonata in F minor, dedicated to Mendelssohn, the Fantasia in A, dedicated to Schumann, and the Sonata in A flat, called *The Maid of Orleans*, dedicated to Madame Goddard—all more or less worthy the attention of a pianist so gifted and deservedly eminent. But, apart from this, Herr Pauer's programme at the Hanover Square Rooms was full of interest. It comprised a selection from the "Studies" of Domenico Scarlatti, son of the famous Alessandro Scarlatti, and one of the most prolific of the early Italian composers; J. S. Bach's magnificent *Suite Anglaise* in A minor, the Prelude to which is one of the capital specimens of the master; Mozart's Fantasia with fugue in C (one of his least familiar pieces); Beethoven's Sonata in E minor, Op. 90 (one of his most familiar pieces); Hummel's *Rondo Brillante*, Op. 109; three Impromptus by Schubert (posthumous); Mendelssohn's *Variations Sérieuses*; and two pieces by Stephen Heller—one from *Dans les Bois*, the other a *tarantella* in E minor. Besides all these there were adaptations for the pianoforte, by Herr Pauer himself, of the "Spinner Song," from Haydn's *Seasons*, the *scherzo* from Mendelssohn's E minor quartet, and a military march by Beethoven. Here was truly a rich and effectively varied programme, testifying no less to Herr Pauer's erudition than to his skill as a performer. A word of acknowledgment is due to the estimates of the composers whose works are brought forward, inserted by Herr Pauer in his programme—estimates not only marked by considerable research, but by great critical acumen.—*Times*.

THE THRUSH.

A LYRIC.

(Dedicated to BURNHAM HORNER and Mr. SANTLEY.)

The thrush awoke with the morn,
In the milky whiteness of dawn,
Whilst night
With light
Did fight.

The strange thing with this bird—
It was heard
Away! away!
To welcome day.

Just as the day was born,
In the baby time of morn,
He sang to the coming sun,
To come! to come!
The warm, hot sun,
To come!

With his whistling roundelay,
In the first dull smudge of light,
In the very last end of night,
Before the leaves were green,
Or flowers could be seen,
The thrush began,
And sang.

From its round bush
It seemed to push

Its jerking song!

So strong,
This darling thrush,
With such strong rush,

That Juliet woke, called by the thrush's call,
Just as the creeping East did let its grey light fall.

Her garden face, where violets were hid,
Those opening buds, with the roseleaf lid,
Woke up to life, when thrush announced the day
With his sweet roundelay.

Then sunshine came, and Juliet ope'd her eyes,
Ope'd with a blue that rival'd summer skies.

The thrush seem'd as he would
Kill his poor self with song;

His speckled breast
Was ne'er at rest,
He threw out his voice so long,
As though to kill himself he could,
And his lovely notes prolong.

So Juliet awoke to the pretty noise,
As the eastern sunshine fell,
And brightened the valley and varnished the dell,
And with its sweet warmth called up the world,
To revel in rapture and golden joys.

Whilst from its bush
Sang the bird,
And its music was hured
To the morning world.
It came with sharp melodic push;
He was the very first

To burst,
With the new day's song
Among

The sweet minstrels of the air,
Whose care
Is to make good earth more fair.

JULIET.

I only saw, and from that moment loved;
Thy tyrant beauty seized and made me slave.
Give me thy hand, to keep and have
In the pink hollow of that palm, beloved,

Until I know
You will bestow
Your heart to mine;
Thine and mine.
In thy velvet hand,
Is all my promised land.

It was the thrush these fancies brought;
His screams of melody, her fancies taught.

JULIET.

Like a caught bird, and panting near to death,
I scarcely dare to live and draw my breath.

Give me thy hand—
So, let me live;
Most pleasant band
That you could give—
Husband!

With the sweet dew of happy sleep,
The fragrant moisture of bo-peep,
That fixes the curls,
In circling twirls,
On the veined temples
That marble most resembles.

The lovely Juliet had only dreamed,
Although like truth her dreaming seemed;
Opened her violet eyes,
And then the sun did shine;
Because the thrush had called her.

Then the warm sun
Came in and shone
On the dainty, crumpled pillow,
With ruffled lace
Around her face,
Where her sweet head did billow.
Because the thrush had sung,
And its morning hymn begun,
And its sweet notes brought
Sweet thought.

JULIET.

Each time he smiles he gains my heart;
I am so fond of his kind face
I could not live to live apart,
So perfect is his love and grace,
So good and true,
He's always new,
My pleasure, comfort, and solace.
To live in youth and live in age,
To trace each day of pleasant life,
His wife!
AUG. MAYHEW.

CAD versus CAB.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—A young friend of mine, a capital musician, at present on a rather prolonged stay in the neighbourhood of Hanwell Railway Station, has written some excellent papers on "manifest intentions."

In one of these are contained some suggestions for the improvement of Wagner's *Tannhäuser*. On the overture for instance, he proposes several modifications of the instrumentation, amongst others the substitution of dumb bells for the cymbals which play so important a part in the *allegro*. Although the question of orchestration is treated at greatest length, some valuable hints are thrown out with regard to form. The Grand March, though it contains four distinct subjects, is, nevertheless, all in one key. This movement he has cleverly arranged so that the subjects now appear in *relative* keys, thus presenting greater variety of tonality, and bringing out to a stronger light the composer's "manifest intention."

I will not go into further particulars just now. I believe it was originally intended to offer these suggestions to Mr. Manns, but that gentleman having lately shown such superstitious regard for the letter ("which killeth") of a composer's score, I do not think that my friend will care to do so now.

If you like, when he returns to town, I will get him to send his "emendations" to you for insertion in your valuable paper.—Yours, etc., C. A. D.

P.S.—I might add that he has revised Gounod's *Faust*, Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, and intends to do a like service for Benedict's new Symphony, as soon as the score is published.

NORTH WALES CHORAL UNION.—We are informed that the monster rehearsal will take place on Whit Saturday. Caradog, conductor of the South Wales Choir, will be present, and is expected to take with him the presentation cup, won at the Crystal Palace, to exhibit at Carnarvon Castle.

LETTERS FROM MENDELSSOHN TO HILLER.*

"Leipsic, 14th April, 1838.

"DEAR FERDINAND,—You will be angry with me for my long silence; again I can do nothing but beg pardon, and hope that you will transform your wrath into gentleness when you see my well-known fist. A great deal has happened between this and the last letter, and much which prevented me from writing. No doubt you have heard through your mother that Cécile presented me with a son on the 7th of February; but perhaps you don't yet know that towards the end of the month she suddenly became dreadfully ill, and for four days and four nights had to struggle with a terrible fever and all kinds of other evils. Then she recovered, thank God, quicker than could have been expected, though slowly enough; and it is only quite lately that all traces of illness have disappeared, and that she is again as cheerful, and looks as well and fresh as you recollect her. What I went through at that time, I could not tell you in any letter, nor indeed in words; but you will be able to imagine it to yourself, dear Ferdinand. And now that all the anxiety is over, and my wife and child are well, I feel so happy, and yet not a bit 'philistherhaft'; you may laugh as much as you like, I don't care. It is too lovely and delightful to see a wee little fellow like that, who has brought his mother's blue eyes and snub nose into the world with him, and knows her so well that he laughs to her whenever she comes into the room: when he is lying at her breast, and they both look so happy—I don't know what to do with myself for joy. After that I could decline *mensa*, or do finger exercises with anybody for as long as ever they liked, and gladly allow you to laugh at me. In a few days we go to Berlin; so that Cécile may get to know my youngest sister and the whole family. Paul and his wife were here last month, and stood godfather and godmother to the little one at his christening. The little man is called Carl Wolfgang Paul. In Berlin I shall see how my wife gets on at our house; if it's all right, I shall go alone to the musical festival at Cologne in four weeks, and come back directly afterwards to Berlin, so as to spend the summer quietly there, or here, and work. If not, Cécile will go with me to Cologne; but, as my mother and sisters would not at all like that, I think she will probably stay with them, and perhaps go to the Rhine with me next year. These are my plans for the present. And you? If I were you I should certainly have trudged off to Rome yesterday for Good Friday and Palm Sunday; and I keep thinking that it is still possible you may have done so. On Palm Sunday I always think of the Papal Chapel and the golden palm branches; in the way of ceremony and grandeur it is the most solemn and splendid thing that I ever saw, and I should like you to see it and think so too. You do tell me capital things about Milan and your life there; how funny that you should find your Paris circle there again—Liszt, Nourrit, Pixis, &c. But it must all be intensely interesting, and I already look forward to the account you are to give me at Leipsic, some day, of all the "circumstances." You will have enough to tell. And indeed you have hit off a horribly truthful picture of the blissful happiness of a *Hofcapellmeister* at ———, and the blissful patience of the German public. I have had some terrible glimpses into that during the course of this winter, for instance, in the case of the post at ———, for which they wanted to get me (probably because a couple of newspaper correspondents had said so), and where they have again been using the most beautiful artifices to make me *apply* for it, because they did not like to speak straightforwardly to a musician; however, they were obliged to at last, and in return I had the pleasure of most politely declining it, and so I see once more how right you were with your dismal description. And yet there is a certain something in this Germany of ours—I hardly know what, but it attracts me so much, and I should like to convince you. It is my old story over again, which you have already heard two hundred times, and which you have disputed four hundred times. Certainly the state of the theatre, such as you describe it in Italy, is better and has more life in it than ours; but you should help us to bring about an improvement. ——— and his followers will never do it, they only drive the cart deeper into the mire, and will disappear without leaving a trace.

"But to turn to something better. Could you and would you send me a copy of your Psalm?—and also any other new thing that you may have, and give the whole parcel to Ricordi, who often sends things here to W. Härtel? That would be splendid of you, and I beg you many many times to do it. I also have been rather busy this winter. David played a new violin Quartet of mine, in E flat, in public the other day, at the last of his *soirées*, and I think

you would find real progress in it; I have begun a third; I have also finished a concert piece for piano and orchestra (a sort of Serenade and Rondo, for of course I shall never get yours), a new Psalm (the 95th)—I suppose I have already written to you about my having added four numbers to the 42nd—and then there's a set of four-part songs for open-air singing, and various other little creatures that would so much like you to clip and brush them a little if you were here. *Apropos*, isn't this rich? They have been giving a first performance of my *St Paul* at Dresden, with all sorts of wonderful preparations, and, ten days before, R—— writes me a formal letter, saying that they wished to shorten the first part a little, and he should therefore cut out the chorus, 'Rise up, arise,' with the chorale, 'Sleepers, wake,' as those numbers did not appear to him to be necessary for the action. I was stupid enough to be frightfully put out for a whole day at this piece of presumption, but you, too, will think it rich.

"Clara Novello will really soon be in Italy now. I hear that she is at Munich, and will go on from there direct. She went from here to Berlin, where she had such incredible success that I am afraid it made her a little over-confident, for at Dresden and Vienna, where she went directly afterwards, she is said to have made very little sensation. In Berlin, on the other hand, she gave two concerts, sang twice for the poor, four times at the theatre, twice at court, and how can I tell where besides? Mind you pay her every possible attention if she flutters into your arms.

"And now I must close, though I still have quantities of things to say. More next time. My wife sends you many best remembrances. She is busy about the journey. Please write to me to Berlin (Leipziger Strasse, No. 3). Then you shall have Berlin news in exchange for Milan news (by which I should lose a good many yards). But good-bye, dear Ferdinand, be happy, and always fond of your

"F. M."

MONGINI.

(From a Correspondent.)

One of the finest voices ever heard in England is now hushed for ever. The death of Signor Mongini must cause regret to all who remember his bright trumpet notes in *Guglielmo Tell* or in *La Forza del Destino*. Whatever his position as an artist, a sense of pleasure was experienced in the prospect of hearing his superb voice declaiming the recitatives of Arnaldo, and giving utterance to those magnificent and impassioned phrases of the great trio in which the death of Melchthal is referred to. That the organ had been highly cultivated, or that the singer evinced himself an artist of high stamp, cannot, unfortunately, be confessed. His musical knowledge must have been limited, yet certain natural gifts stood him in good stead; so, while some of his listeners invariably were disappointed with his performances, others were his enthusiastic admirers. An opera audience is not an audience of musicians, nor are all musicians vocal students; so that, where the musician is completely satisfied, it does not follow that the professors of the vocal art should be also satisfied. Now, great as was Mongini by reason of natural gifts, he failed to give unmixed satisfaction to any of the classes composing an opera audience, excepting to those whose requirements are met by some magnificent notes and immense energy. This latter Mongini possessed, and it was this that frequently occasioned him to spoil his best performances. The climax of his energy and the climax of the music were constantly antagonistic to each other. Hence the dissatisfaction to the musician. A too frequent violation of rules which cumulative wisdom has framed was the reason that the vocal professor listened to him with alloyed pleasure. The opera frequenters, accustomed to the tender style of singing which distinguished Mario, or who had a pre-conceived notion of what opera singing should be, from hearing aged frequenters of Her Majesty's Theatre tell of the beauties of Rubini's singing, were rarely satisfied. Yet occasionally his splendid bursts roused the various classes into positive enthusiasm; and, as by far the most demonstrative part of the audience consisted of those who are satisfied by a magnificent voice and a superabundance of energy, it can be no matter of surprise that here Mongini acquired a great name. It must, however, be regretted that his artistic proficiency did not equal his natural endowments. But, when it is remembered that he was about the only man able to meet the requirements of certain characters, he will be missed, and his loss regretted. FIRE-PLUG.

* Now publishing in *Macmillan's Magazine*, translated by E. M. von Glehn.

AFTER M^DME ANGOT.

After a run of more than four hundred nights, uninterrupted for one evening, *La Fille de M^dme Angot* has at last disappeared from the *affiches* of the Folies Dramatiques. So long a life for so slight a piece is utterly beyond precedent in the history of the theatre. We are told that, up to the last evening of *M^dme Angot*, the house was crowded. Lecoq's work has been succeeded by *La Belle Bourbonnaise*, wherein a novice, named Cadès, has made his *début* as a dramatic composer. It is a misfortune for him that the libretto given him to set is founded upon an incident which is not likely to interest the general public. According to the authors of the libretto, M. de Choiseul, jealous of Du Barry's influence over the King, takes advantage of her likeness to a woman known as *La Belle Bourbonnaise*, in order to bring discredit upon her. Du Barry, however, suborns the girl to play her part at Court, while she, donning the dress of the *paysanne*, passes the time with the King. In the course of her adventures the Countess discovers a plot formed against her, and she, of course, ends by sending her enemies to prison, and giving a respectable dowry to the girl who had aided her. It would be absurd to complain of the improbabilities of the plot of an *opéra comique*, although to suppose that the King would not recognize his mistress during an interval of twenty-four hours simply because she put on a peasant's dress, taxes ones powers of credulity somewhat too severely. But the audience may be readily pardoned if they fail to understand what character is for the moment before them. For the same actress not only personates the Du Barry and the Belle Bourbonnaise, but she also represents the lady when disguised as the peasant, and the peasant when disguised as the lady. Thus M^dlle Desclauzas comes on in the second act as Du Barry, then as Manon, and afterwards as Manon in Du Barry's costume, all within the space of half an hour. Moreover, there is not only a real Belle Bourbonnaise, who assumes to be the Countess, but there is likewise a false Bourbonnaise who also pretends to be Du Barry. Nothing but a story of the most absorbing interest, or such art as Scribe possessed, could excuse an *imbroglio* of this nature. Unfortunately, there is not one character in the piece in which the audience can feel the slightest interest. Desclauzas sings and acts with spirit, and Milher exhibits as much of his admirable talent as he can show in the outline of character, while Sante-Foy seems to have left behind him at the *Opéra Comique*, whence he had just migrated, all the fun that we used to laugh at so heartily. The music is bright, full of facile melody, and written with musicianlike skill. But it has the questionable recommendation, or the doubtful advantage, of being too good for the executants, the theatre, and the libretto. It is essentially an *opéra comique*, and it is as much out of place at the Folies Dramatiques as would be a Shakesperian tragedy declaimed by the Christy Minstrels.

ADELINA PATTI'S BENEFIT AT VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

The Italian Opera season came to a close, May 3rd, with an *éclat* seldom witnessed at Vienna, except when this marvellous *prima donna* is the reigning star. With the solitary exception of Russia, I have never seen a public worked up to such a pitch of frenzy, I may say adoration, for that extraordinary "mighty mite" of a *prima donna*. The opera given for her benefit was *Dinorah*, with traditional white goat included. It was impossible to count the calls, and, equally so, get at the amount of bouquets thrown to her. Some enthusiastic individuals had conceived the idea of a "pluie des fleurs." At the end of the first act, at a given signal, such a shower of bouquets fell on to the stage!—hundreds of them. The little Marchioness was nearly extinguished, and had to retire to the back of the stage for safety. Then were handed up from the orchestra, for they were too large to throw, several enormous wreaths of white camellias, surrounded by bay leaves, then wreaths of white tulips, also wreaths of red and white camellias, and also of tulips and other flowers forming the Italian colours—red, white, and green. After those, six of the most magnificent bouquets, surrounded by frills of the most costly lace (someone knew how to touch on a feminine weakness). The Emperor's bouquet was a magnificent crown of white camellias,

surrounded by maiden-hair ferns, and splendid real lace, with an exquisite sash ribbon round the stem. All the large bouquets had long streamers of sash ribbons, more than a quarter of a yard wide, each one different from the other; thus, you see, sensibly combining the useful with the ornamental. The two largest bouquets were placed in a pair of massive silver vases, which serve alike for table use for fruit or flowers; they are eighteen inches high, and very wide round the top. They are of great value, and really exquisite. Another splendid present she received was a medallion locket; the face of it was covered with diamonds and rubies, with a large pearl in the centre. The people yelled and cheered, and called her before the curtain till they were obliged to put out the gas to get rid of them.

On the last night of the season she repeated *Dinorah*, and the enthusiasm was even greater than on her benefit, as they were to lose her for a whole year. At the railroad station a crowd was waiting to bid her adieu; to my surprise all the feminine community, who crowded forward to get a kiss of her hand, were weeping at a tremendous rate; perhaps it was at the remembrance of the piles of money she had beguiled out of their pockets. That small *prima donna* has a great deal to answer for; she not only turns all our heads, and empties our pockets—but we know she gives us many great notes in exchange for our small ones. The American engagement has blown over for the present, as she has arranged with Mr Gye for St Petersburg.—Addio.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

Mr Theodore Thomas brought his series of Symphony Concerts to a conclusion last month, when Mozart's Symphony in E flat, and Beethoven's No. 7 in A major, were splendidly performed. An *aria* from Bach's *Passion Music*, "O pardon me, my God," with violin *obbligato*, was ably interpreted by Miss Adelaide Phillips and Mr Listemann, but the voice part was not very grateful. Brahms's variations on a theme by Haydn are clever, but scarcely worthy of presentation at one of these concerts. The Vorspiel from the *Meistersinger* closed the first part, and Beethoven's Symphony was the only number in the second. As Mr Thomas was about to leave the orchestra at the commencement of the interval, he was stopped by Mr Grant White, who led him back to the front, and then made the following graceful speech:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen: Mr Thomas is master here, but I am sure that he will consent to lay aside for a moment his all-controlling wand, and allow me to perform a very short solo quite *ad libitum*.

"Mr Thomas, your friends and admirers, lovers of music, have watched your course for years with admiration, and with hope for the art we all love so well. From the beginning your aim has been high and your purpose fixed. You have sought not merely to supply a public demand and fill your pocket; you undertook the more difficult and honourable task of raising the public taste to the standard of your own performances, and that standard has from the beginning been the very highest. Your fortunes may have wavered, but your purpose never. How you have succeeded we all know—we all have heard this evening, as on many evenings during the last two or three years. With the help of these accomplished musicians, you have given us the Thomas Orchestra, which has no superior in the world. In doing so you have relieved New York of a reproach. It has been said to be an excellent place in which to get money, but to have no taste for art, and to have done nothing for art. That can never again be said with truth of the city which is the birthplace and the home of the Thomas Orchestra. May it endure under its present name and in its present excellence, while the strains of Bach, of Haydn, of Mozart, and of Beethoven, are heard on this island.

"Because you have done this for music with such persistent effort and such success, your friends and admirers desire to give you some appreciable sign of the recognition of your merit, therefore they ask your acceptance of this casket. It contains a certificate of deposit to your credit—a movement in inflation which the veto has not been able to restrain, and which, we hope, will be not unacceptable to you. Pray receive it, Sir, from your admirers as a token of constant interest, of admiration and of respect; and allow me to add the expression of my personal pleasure in being made the medium of communication between them and you on this occasion."

Mr Thomas appeared to be taken quite by surprise, but replied in a few words, and promised to continue to devote his life to the cause of music. He also made the welcome announcement that next year he should have a larger orchestra and also a chorus at his disposal. We understand that the casket contained a certificate for 3,500 dollars.—Arcadian.

ST. JAMES'S HALL,

REGENT STREET AND PICCADILLY.

MR CHARLES HALLE'S

Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLE has the honour to announce that the remaining Six of his Fourteenth Series of PIANOFORTE RECITALS will take place on the following Afternoons:—

FRIDAY, May 22.
FRIDAY, May 23.
FRIDAY, June 5.

FRIDAY, June 12.
FRIDAY, June 19.
FRIDAY, June 26.

THIRD RECITAL,

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 22, 1874.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

TRIO in G major, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (first time)—Mr CHARLES HALLE, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA	Mozart.
GRAND SONATA in F sharp minor, Op. 11, for pianoforte alone (first time)—Mr CHARLES HALLE	Schumann.
SONATA DI CAMERA in G minor, for violin—Madame NORMAN-NERUDA	Locatelli.
BARCAROLLE in F sharp, Op. 60, for pianoforte alone—Mr CHARLES HALLE	Chopin.
GRAND TRIO in E flat, Op. 70, No. 2, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLE, Madame NORMAN-NERUDA, and Herr FRANZ NERUDA	Beethoven.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

	For the Series.			Single Tickets.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Sofa Stalls, numbered and reserved	2	2	0	0	7	0
Balcony	1	1	0	0	3	0
Area				0	1	0

DEATH.

On Friday, May 8, at Mayence, FRANZ SCHOTT, head of the firm of Schott frères, aged 68. Highly esteemed and deeply regretted.

On May 12th, Mr J. MARCH, for many years manager of the Library Department of Messrs Boosey & Co., Holles Street and Regent Street. Highly respected.

NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery. With this number of the MUSICAL WORLD Subscribers will receive four pages extra, and again, from TIME TO TIME, as expediency may suggest.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1874.

IN a curious article on the Viennese Ladies, our collaborator, Signor Biaggi, raises a cry of alarm, intended to reach the ears of the lords of creation, whom he informs that women will soon get the upper hand of them. The following are the arguments with which he maintains his assertion:—

"Besides so many most excellent singers, the old Conservatories of Venice presented art with not a few fair instrumentalists no less excellent. The Lombardini was a violinist able to compete with Nardini; and in Paris, where she played in 1768, it was said by more than one critic that Nardini was surpassed and conquered, and that the lady would even have been able to measure herself with no less a person than his master, the celebrated Tartini.

"Another very skilful violinist, most warmly applauded at all

the Courts and in all the Theatres of Germany, was the Kraemer, a pupil of Fesca's, and, according to some writers, of Rode's as well. It must be added that she was, moreover, as clever on the clarinet as on the violin; that she was a good orchestral conductor; and that she was deeply versed in the study of composition. At her last concert, given in Vienna, in 1839, she performed, with two young sons, a trio for pianoforte, clarinet, and violoncello, written by herself, and as highly praised for fancy as for style. Another violinist and singer at the same time, who enjoyed in her day a high reputation, was the Crux of Mannheim.

"There is no one who does not know to what a pitch of perfection the Sisters Milanollo attained: entire mastery over the instrument, and an expression going direct to the heart, because coming from it.

"We shall not, as many have done, place the Fernis on a level with the Milanollos, because there was a considerable distance between them; but, for all that, the Fernis were no mean players, and could have held their own against more than one executant with whiskers—and the ribbon of some order or other.

"In our own times, there was a fair violoncellist, in every respect most exquisite: poor Eliza Christiani, a pupil of Benassett. The concerts given by her in France, Belgium, Germany, and Russia, were real festivals. There was not a single person who did not feel astounded at the certainty with which she overcame the most stupendous difficulties of execution; who was not moved by her *cantabili*, full of sentiment and tears.

"Encouraged by what Servais had so successfully done a few years previously, she did not hesitate undertaking a tour through the northern provinces of Russia. But she was small and slightly made. Hardships and cold killed her. She died at Tobolsk, aged only twenty-six, in 1853. She possessed one of the best and finest instruments—in the highest preservation—ever made by Stradivarius.

"It is not necessary, however, to search through history in order to prove that women may become excellent performers on any instrument. It will be sufficient to mention M^{me} Norman-Néruda, a fair violinist whom the highest authorities in Germany, France, and England, pronounce the rival of Joachim and Wilhelmj. From the favourable notices about her, we see immediately that she has everything that can be desired: full and vigorous tone, sure and irreproachable intonation, easy, broad, and most elegant bowing, power, sweetness, feeling and inspiration.

"We repeat it: let the instrumentalists of the stronger sex look to themselves, and remember that the women are making their way.

"According to what we have heard, two female orchestras are now forming at Vienna; another is forming at Berlin; another, at Pesth; another, at Paris; and another, at Brussels.

"From Sweden there issued, some months since, a vocal quartet: two sopranos (Mesd^{lles} Hilda Wideberg and Amy Aberg) and two contraltos (Mesd^{lles} Maria Peterson and Wilhelmina Soderlund. These ladies have excited genuine enthusiasm wherever they have sung. The Leipzig *Signale*, writing about them, says: 'They are four pretty blondes, four sirens possessing very sweet voices, and singing so perfectly together as to make it appear they have but one voice among them.'

"But Sweden does not stop here. Encouraged by the flattering success of the Quartet, she is about sending forth an Octet. Then, allied with Russia, she has nearly ready a *Decemet* (comprising, of course, none but female artists). Both the Octet and the Decemet will make their first appearance, where they are already expected, in Paris.

"Ever since Madame Norman-Néruda was heard in Edinburgh (so a friend writes to tell us), people hardly mention the pianoforte. All the young girls study the violin. The continued scraping is something marvellous—so are the false notes. Let us, therefore, be prepared for the Orchestra of Scotch Ladies.

"At Mayence, a Female Musical Committee has lately been established, under the presidency of Madame Schott, wife of the well-known publisher. At Berlin, too, a Philharmonic Academy, a *Frauenverein*, was founded during the latter months of last year, with the object of providing specially for the execution of works by lady-composers.

"And lady-composers, as we shall see in a future notice, are

both numerous and clever. For which reason, we repeat once again, let musicians of the stronger sex look to themselves."—*Gazette Musicale di Milano.*

MUSIC ought soon to be known among us as the Royal Art. Time was when its professors were looked upon much as though they were Court flunkies of a lower grade, admitted to a certain intimacy, on account of being ministers to pleasure, but always outside the silken rope, against which the spirit of Spohr rose indignant. Circumstances have changed since then, and musicians now hold up their heads among the best—so high, indeed, that we wonder professors of other arts do not form a league to abate their pride. How many living painters have received Royal honours? How many living sculptors or architects are in the same happy position? Yet we have among us no less than six musical knights, and nearly as many gentlemen "on preferment," so far that their knighthood is but a question of time. Let us all—no matter whether professors of music, or merely amateurs—let us all be joyful on this account. The golden day of our art has come at last; and to be a musician is not necessarily to be kept on the "pleb." side of the silken rope, but, mayhap, to pass that barrier, and enter the delectable land where the *aristos* reign supreme. Our half-dozen knights are a representative company; they bear with them to Court the whole musical world, and all of us have a pride in their velvet and lace, their cocked hats, swords, and buckles. After a certain fashion, those emblems of dignity belong to each member of the profession, and upon each some reflection of glory may be said to fall. Let us, then, be proud of our six knights, and wish them "long continuance and increasing."

But the refulgence which, in these days, belongs to the musical art, is not entirely represented by a few names in Debrett. We have a Royal fiddler—shade of Lord Chesterfield, think of that!—a prince of the blood who mixes with common fiddlers on a public orchestra, and submits to directions from a common professor. Marriage is said to end all friendships contracted in bachelorhood, but the Duke of Edinburgh has not "dropped" his fiddle in consequence of his changed position; and the other night he was to be seen scraping away, while Marie Alexandrovna looked on from a neighbouring gallery. This is surely enough to account for anything in the shape of unwonted honour bestowed upon musicians. When a prince becomes a fiddler, fiddlers may aspire to be princes, and there is no reason whatever why the Court of Her Gracious Majesty should not be as full of troubadours and minstrels as was that of Provence in the halcyon days. For this reason we are glad to see that Messrs Joseph Barnby and John Stainer were presented at Court last week. Mr Arthur Sullivan was also there, making up just the number of musicians demanded by King Cole. Once more, let us be joyful.

OCCASIONAL NOTE.

On the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his artistic career, the Abbate Franz Liszt presented to the Hungarian nation the art treasures he possesses at Weimar, on condition of their being preserved in the National Museum at Pesth. According to a Hungarian paper, it appears that, apart from its artistic and historical value, the simple pecuniary worth of the collection is 400,000 florins. Among other objects, the inventory just made includes Beethoven's American piano; Mozart's piano and Haydn's piano; a number of articles of gold, silver, and platinum jewelry; a conducting-stick set with diamonds; a laurel wreath, silver enriched with emeralds; the solid silver desk presented by the city of Vienna; and the large silver crown presented by the city of Hamburg.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

THE WEST LONDON AND KILBURN MUSICAL SOCIETY gave a concert on Monday evening, May 11th, in St Thomas's Hall. The first part comprised Herr Gollmick's operetta, *The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*. The solos were allotted to Miss Warwick, Messrs Greenhill, Wake, Kilbey, Kiedle, and Tucker, and were rendered very efficiently, some of the numbers being encored. The choir sang steadily, and were well supported by the band. The second part opened with Mendelssohn's "Hear my prayer," the solo being well sustained by Miss Putney. Several songs were contributed by Misses Warwick and Putney, Messrs Thornborough and Greenhill, which were much appreciated; and Miss Muncey (a pupil of Mr W. Beavan's) gave a piano-forte solo, and received quite an ovation. Mr John Beavan was the able accompanist. Mr W. Beavan conducted.

HERR AND MADAME SAUERBREY gave an evening concert on Thursday, the 7th inst., in the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. Madame Sauerbrey is well known as a clever singer with a fine contralto voice, which, in Schubert's "Ave Maria," the "Brindisi" in *Lucresia Borgia*, and in other effusions, she exhibited to great advantage, and in all of which she was much and deservedly applauded. The concert was opened with Herren Sauerbrey and Deichmann performing N. W. Gade's sonata, Op. 21, for violin and piano-forte, which received every justice from both artists, and was listened to with attention by the audience. Herr Sauerbrey proved himself a clever and expert pianist in Beethoven's sonata in G, Op. 29, and in Mendelssohn's duet, Op. 92, with his talented pupil, Miss Amy Stewart, who also played an arrangement of airs from Vincent Wallace's *Lurline*, as well as a solo on airs from *Oberon*, arranged by Herr Sauerbrey. Herr Deichmann on the violin, and Mr F. Chatterton on the harp, displayed, in brilliant solos, their individuality on their respective instruments. Miss Banks gave a new song by Mrs Phillips, and Beignani's "La Fioraja," she also joined Madame Sauerbrey in one of Mendelssohn's duets. Mr Federici in Mr J. L. Hatton's song, "To Anthea," created a good effect. Mr F. Stanislaus, in conjunction with Herr Sauerbrey, accompanied the several pieces, and the concert was altogether successful.

MR TRELAUNY COBHAM gave a *matinée musicale*, at No. 5, Cavendish Square, by kind permission of William Grapel, Esq., on Monday, when he was honoured by the attendance of a large audience, who were delighted with the entertainment, and showed their approbation of the concert-giver's exertion by unanimous applause after each of his songs, especially after M. Gounod's "Ho messo nuove corde" (sung "by desire"), which they compelled him to repeat. Mr Cobham also sang, in his most expressive manner, "The pilgrim of love," joined Madame Florence Lancia, Miss Purdy, and Signor Caravoglia, in Signor Pissuti's quartet, "I canta storie," and Signor Caravoglia in Mascini's duet, "Les Muletiers." Signor Gardoni, whose name appeared on the programme, was unfortunately prevented by indisposition from singing, a circumstance that, no doubt, was the cause of regret to the fair portion of the audience. The artists who assisted Mr Cobham were Madame Florence Lancia, who sang M. Gounod's serenade, "Quand tu chantes," accompanied on the violin by Mlle de Bono (who also played two solos in her best style); Madame Pauline Rita, Mlle Enequist, Mlle Victoria Bunsen, the young Swedish contralto, and Miss Purdy; Mr F. Penna, Mr Maybrick, and Signor Caravoglia, whose animated singing of "Largo al factotum," as usual, enlivened the audience considerably. Signor Tito Mattei was the pianist, and his performance of his own fantasia on the "English and Russian National Anthems," caused his recall, when the talented pianist played another of his own compositions. We must not omit to mention the charming way in which Madame Pauline Rita, Mlle Victoria Bunsen, and Miss Purdy gave M. Depret's characteristic trio, "Nous étions trois filles," nor the accompanists of the vocal music, who were Sir Julius Benedict and Herr Ganz.

MR BRINLEY RICHARDS, last week, delivered his lecture on "National Music and Musical Instruments" before the members of the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, at the rooms in Conduit Street. The audience was a large and discriminative one. They listened with the utmost attention, and rewarded Mr Richards with unanimous applause at the conclusion. Mr Richards said, during the course of his lecture, that—"In the present day we hear a great deal about what is called 'The Music of the Future'—fortunately, perhaps, for me, my task is to describe the 'Music of the Past,' but so long as mankind continues to be influenced by the eloquence of melody it is not improbable that National Music will be regarded with interest, when much of the 'Music of the Future' is forgotten." These remarks were, however, evidently not acceptable to some of the audience. The *Ex* remarks that—"No one is more entitled to speak on the theme mentioned than Mr Richards, and as harps—ancient and modern—are intimately associated with the subject, we need hardly say that he 'touched upon' them with the hand of a master. He explained the various theories advanced as to the origin of the harp, without confirming any; gave us reminiscences of

the famous old harper, at whose death 'neither angels nor men could refrain from weeping'; discoursed of the various kinds of harps, and exhibited one of the time of Charles the Second, with a double set of strings, which, he jocularly remarked, it must have taken a week to tune; pointed out the principal distinction between Welsh and other harps, which is in the method of stringing; described the various modes of playing the instrument; explained how the downfall of the bards arose through political and social disorders; told how they came to be regarded as rogues and vagabonds; and caused much laughter by quoting the Scotch edict to the effect that, 'if any make fools of themselves and are bards, their ears shall be nailed to a tree,' with the milder punishment of hanging for a second offence. Mr Richards further illustrated on the pianoforte the ancient scales of music, Chinese and Hungarian melodies, and gave Chopin's 'Study for the Pianoforte' as a specimen of 'Pentatonic' music. He was ably assisted by the Misses Davies and Evans, whose vocal ability was manifested in Welsh, Scotch, and Irish ballads, their several efforts being warmly applauded. We must not omit to add that sketches of national harps by F. Chester, Esq.; specimens of ancient instruments, lent by Carl Engel, Esq., and Dr Letner; and Tom Moore's miniature harp, lent by Mrs S. C. Hall, added to the interest of the lecture." The chair was occupied by J. R. Puleston, Esq., M.P.

THE *réunions* of the pupils of Madame Lucci Sievers continue to attract a fashionable circle of amateurs. The concert on Friday last was very successful. Several "titled" ladies acquitted themselves in a manner worthy of their instructress; and among the accomplished artists who contributed to the entertainment were Madame Sydney Pratten, Signors Gardoni, Verger, Tito Mattei, Campana, Muratori, and Mr Finlay Finlayson, who, by-the-bye, is creating quite a sensation in amateur musical circles. The performances of Madame Sievers on the harmonium were greatly admired. It is to be regretted that so clever an artist will so seldom be persuaded to play in public.

MR LINDSAY SLOPER gave a concert on Thursday morning, May 1st (by the kind permission of the owner), at the house of Mr Hyam Benjamin, of 62, Lancaster Gate, which attracted a crowded and fashionable audience. Amongst other *morceaux*, Mr Sloper performed Sir Sterndale Bennett's sonata, *The Maid of Orleans*, which, now that its beauties are unfolded by its frequent introduction into the programmes of classical pianoforte music, is becoming more and more appreciated each time it is heard. It lost nothing by being in the hands of the accomplished *beneficiaire*, who, although not belonging to the robust and demonstrative school of sensational pianists, is one of the first in rank as a classical and legitimate artist, combining with his other good qualities admirable reading and faultless execution. In the course of the concert he introduced two charming pieces by Gounod, "Dodelinette" and "Funeral March of a Marionette," which exhibited his taste and skill in the performance of *morceaux* of a lighter character. The latter produced a marked and pleasurable effect. M. Sainton joined him in Beethoven's Sonata in G major, for violin and piano, and performed one of his own clever compositions for the violin in his usual admirable manner. We can scarcely do more than mention the names of the vocalists who contributed so much to the pleasure arising from a well-selected programme. They included Mdlle Victoria Bunsen, Mr E. Lloyd, Madame Edna Hall, Madame Pauline Rita, Mdlle Nita Gaetano, Mdlle Diodati, Miss Julia Wigan, and Mr Santley, who sang Gounod's "Maid of Athens" with such intensity of feeling as to cause a unanimous and determined encore. In its place he substituted a quaint sailor's ditty, which was as successful as the first song. M. Paque and Mr Radcliff assisted in the instrumental department by the performance of solos, in excellent style, respectively for violoncello and flute.

H. W. G.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES.

CHARLES HALLÉ'S RECITALS.—The fourteenth series of these admirable and instructive performances began in St. James's Hall on Friday afternoon, under conditions which promised well for its success. Mr Hallé has at length given his enterprise the fullest development possible, and what were once "pianoforte recitals" in the strict sense of the term are now "popular concerts," having a repertory inclusive of all chamber music wherein the pianoforte bears a part. We need not stop to point out the advantage of this extended plan. In effect, it carries on Mr Chappell's work through the "season," and assists to redeem that particular part of the London year from the charge of musical frivolity. The success so far attained is encouraging to those who hold that good music can always find a market; and that the summer months are not necessarily devoted to fashionable opera-singers and flimsy show pieces. For some years past, Mr Hallé has given his programmes the charm of novelty by introducing the works of modern or contemporary authors. Many of these have appealed to English connoisseurs for the first time under his auspices; and, judging by Friday's selections, many more will do the same thing before the Recitals come to an end.—*Daily Telegraph*.

PROVINCIAL.

BOOTLE.—The Bootle Musical Society gave an open rehearsal at the Molyneux Assembly Rooms, Merton Road, Bootle, last week. The following was the programme:—Mass Requiem, M. Jomelli; Selection from the Oratorio, *The Light of the World*, Sullivan; Cantata, *Walpurgis Night*, Mendelssohn.

ROCK FERRY.—The Rock Ferry Amateur Musical Society on Tuesday gave their last performance for the season, consisting of a Selection from *Judas Macabreus*, and Mendelssohn's *First Walpurgis Night*. The performance was very creditable to the intelligence of the singers and conductor, Mr W. R. Pemberton, who was presented with a purse of £70, entirely contributed by the members. Mr Pemberton acknowledged the substantial compliment in fitting terms.

BIRMINGHAM.—The Amateur Harmonic Association have given the first of a fourth series of Subscription Concerts in the Town Hall. The chief feature was Mr G. A. Macfarren's *St John the Baptist*. From *Aris's Birmingham Gazette* we extract the following remarks:—

"The performance of the work was most creditable. Mrs Sutton, as the solo soprano, has rarely been heard to better advantage than on this occasion. She was in excellent voice, and sang the florid, difficult air, 'I will rejoice in my youth,' with a skill, spirit, and style we have never heard her surpass. She had evidently made a careful study of the music, and she succeeded in giving it effective interpretation. Madame Alice Barnett—who appeared for the first time in Birmingham—possesses a fine contralto voice. She sings with intelligence and taste. Mr Guy sang the tenor solo music in a praiseworthy manner. Signor Gustave Garcia, also a stranger to Birmingham, had a trying task as the representative of *John the Baptist*. This vocalist has a baritone voice of agreeable quality, and gave the difficult music allotted to him successfully. The choruses were generally well sung; and the band, considering it was a first performance, played capitally. The choruses, 'This is my beloved Son,' and 'My soul praise the Lord,' and the unaccompanied quartet, 'Blessed are they,' were encored. Mr Stimpson officiated at the organ, and Mr Sutton conducted."

WESTERHAM.—The Westerham Harmonic Society gave, at one of their recent public performances, Mr Francis Howell's oratorio, *The Captivity*, which met with great success when first introduced by the Festival Choral Society to a Birmingham audience. The *Midland Counties Herald*, in its notice of the performance, praised it highly at the time; and the *Sussex Express* of May 9 entirely endorses the opinion of its contemporary, and, further, has the following remarks:—

"Mr Howell has been fortunate here in finding a kindred spirit in Mr Stannard, who, himself a good instrumentalist, enters into every undertaking of this kind with an evident determination that it shall be carried through to a successful issue. Mr Clarence Stannard, too, contributed not a little to the perfect enjoyment of the oratorio, by erecting in the hall, for the purposes of this concert, a beautiful organ, which he, and a clever young artisan of this town, Mr Edgar Gibbs, have been closely engaged for several months past in building. The programme was divided into two parts, the principal vocalists engaged therein being Mrs Randall, the Misses Lockyer, Harris, Goodall, Hodson, Messrs T. Chapman, E. Horace Buck, Randall, Fogden, Edmunds, and J. Anderson. Among those who took part in the choruses were the Misses Lockyer, Mrs Parkhurst, Misses Wood, Newton, Fuller, Woollet, Martin, and Master Jenner (trebles), Misses Hodson, Goodall, Hayter, Pywell, Master Warwick (altos), Messrs Virgo, Fogden, Stone, Parkhurst, Back (tenors), Hodson, T. Chapman, Buck, Randall, E. Betteridge, Howick, Sutton, F. Atkinson, A. Stone, Edmunds, Anderson, T. Horseman (bass); and among the instrumentalists, Miss Grover (pianoforte), Miss Jewell (harmonium), Mr J. Stannard (violin primo), Mr W. Liley (violin secondo), Messrs Lockyer and Smith (violins), Mr P. C. Stannard (violoncello), Mr Withers (flute), Mr E. Heath (cornet), Mr Eagleton (side drum), and Mr Francis Howell (conductor). The hall was completely filled by a fashionably attired audience, and, financially, the concert is the most successful the society has yet given."

VISIT OF THE CZAR.—An interesting item in the programme of the grand concert to be given in honour of the Czar's visit, at the Royal Albert Hall, will be the polonaise and chorus from Glinka's opera, *La vie pour le Czar*. This polonaise is always used on State occasions in Russia, and formed one of the most interesting features in the State Ball which was held on the day of the marriage of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh; it was also included in the music performed at the State Banquet which took place on the arrival of their Royal Highnesses at Windsor Castle.

PLANETARY LIFE.

BY HERMES.

(From "All the Year Round.")

NO IV. FLOWERS AND BIRDS IN MONTALLUYAH.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

It is not the mere love of beauty that causes us to pay so much attention to the cultivation of flowers. We have flowers that are fitted for food and exquisite to the taste, as well as to the sight and smell. These are peculiarly adapted to the sick and feverish, and are rendered almost a necessary of life by the excessive heat of our climate. They are of different colours, and I am afraid that I do not greatly enlighten you, when I tell you that the principal colour is "punska;" but really it does not correspond to any hue with which you are familiar. Sometimes the colour approaches blue, and, occasionally, the flowers have been white. The "Flower-fruit," as we call it, exists only during six months of the year, and is one of the most lovely objects in the garden. During one month, the period when the heat is least powerful, it is not allowed to be eaten.

We have a curiosity somewhat similar to the "flower Ariel" in the "bird-flower," which is extremely pretty and delicate, and the cultivation of which requires the greatest care. Its blossom, richly and variously coloured, is shaped exactly like a bird, and it has two leaves like wings, which flutter gracefully at every breath of wind. We plant flowers of this sort on the summit of the embankment by which our garden is encompassed, surrounding them with a green-leaved plant, that no other blossom should mar the effect of their beauty. Strange to say, it is indebted for its origin to the genius of a great artist, who, much assisted by electricity, produced it from the root of an ordinary flower. This artist was excessively daring in his experiments, and was at last killed by a sudden explosion of electric fluid.

Birds of varied plumage are considered so essential to a garden that with us they are as much objects of attraction as flowers. Our aviaries, which are principally made of coloured glass, are of dimensions so colossal, and are so abundantly supplied with trees and fountains, that their feathered inmates are almost as free as they would be in a state of nature.

Our skill in training animals of almost every kind is great, and I may illustrate it by a reference to the "zobee." Birds belonging to this species measure about seven inches from the beak to the tail, and are similar to each other in form, though scarcely two of them are alike in plumage. The heads are singularly shaped, and convey the notion of an almost human intelligence, which is certainly not deceptive. The zobees commonly abound in a place among the rocks named Zerina; and, when we want to assemble them, we make use of a particular instrument, like a pipe, which brings them together to a convenient spot, where they are subjected to the discipline of a trainer.

It is a pretty sight to see them flying from all parts to a sward in the garden of the great Tootmanyoso, with their plumage glittering in the sun. The chief trainer makes them march together, forming circles, crescents, squares with rounded corners, &c., the figures, however various, being in accordance with our fixed principle of beauty, always curvilinear. After they have gone through a series of evolutions, grain is thrown to them, and they at once fall out of the ranks and sing with all their might. In the front of the Royal seat are poles, with cane-work at the top, representing in outline the letters of the Tootmanyoso's name. This outline, at a signal from the trainer, the birds fill up, so that the name of the sovereign consists of an accurately arranged mass of birds of the most beautiful plumage. Sometimes in lieu of the ruler's name, those of some ladies of the court are exhibited; and, as it is not known beforehand which name will be chosen, much curiosity is excited. The birds, so essential to the exhibition, evidently like and appreciate applause, and are devotedly attached to their trainer, whose attractive power is increased by an aromatic unguent. When the performance is at an end, the man raises the shout, "Farci," (freedom!) and the birds return to their nests, first rising very high in the air, and then whirling rapidly round till they descend to the spot of their destination.

For every species of bird a different pipe is used, but to secure our feathered "pets" electricity is skilfully and frequently

employed. The great Tootmanyoso liked to adorn his flower-beds with birds of exquisite plumage, but, not liking to see them caged, he placed around the beds an electrical apparatus, which was duly charged when occasion required. A covey of the choicest birds was soon attracted by the mere force of the fluid, and when once they came within a few yards of the apparatus, their escape was impossible and they hovered round and round, presenting a most graceful sight. If their confinement was required, the apparatus would be more strongly charged, and they would at once be attracted to a cage. No pain is inflicted upon them by the process, and nothing can be more pleasing than to see the circles and ellipses which they form while under the influence of the electric fluid.

In "Another World" I have already shown that in Montalluyah the language of flowers has been carried to a far higher degree of perfection than by the most ardent of Asiatic lovers, and can even be used for purposes of conversation. The use to which flowers can be put as means of communication is greatly heightened by our possession of a peculiar bird, small in size, but remarkable for the beauty of its plumage, which in colour is gold and rich blue, shaded with a lighter blue, the gold predominating. This bird is our carrier. The flower which the lover wishes to send to the object of his adoration is concealed in a small bag of gauze, which is hung from an elastic collar, placed round the bird's neck. When the little carrier arrives at the house to which it is sent, it makes a noise that can be heard all over the house; and it is never kept waiting, as it is known to be the bearer of good tidings. The bag is marked with characters, showing from whom it has come and for whom it is intended; and if the person who can decipher the hieroglyphic, as I may call it, is absent, the flower is placed in a glass box, and the bird, relieved of its burden, is at liberty to return home.

So general is the use of the "manziques," as we call them, that sometimes a hundred may be seen flying about simultaneously in all directions, and a prettier sight can scarcely be conceived.

LONDON versus NEW YORK.

(From the "Arcadian.")

A good deal has been written recently contrasting the acting and plays in London theatres with the plays and acting in those of New York. We have no wish to draw comparisons, which, owing to our absence from London, and our necessary ignorance of its stage, must necessarily be unsatisfactory. But, judging merely by the advertisements of playhouses in the London and New York papers, we should be inclined to award the palm, in this respect, to our own city. We challenge any impartial critic to point to three such companies in London as those now performing at the Fifth Avenue, Union Square, and Wallack's; while Fechter, Miss Neilson, Davenport, Mayo, and Fox will compare at least favourably with the stars now acting on the London stage. As to "stars," indeed, it would puzzle any one to say who they are. Webster has retired; Matthews and Toole are in the provinces; Buckstone is old and deaf; Sullivan is wandering through space; and only Mr Henry Irving, Mrs Wood, Mr and Mrs Chippendale, Mr Clark, and Miss Madge Robertson are left, whose names command attention. Against them we can set Mr Wallack, Miss Neilson, Miss Dyas, John Gilbert, John Brougham, Mr G. L. Fox, Mr Davenport, Mr Thorne, Harry Beckett, Frank Mayo, Charles Fisher, John McCullough, and others.

If we turn again to the plays, we find, in London, a feeble imitation of Robertson: *Queen Mab*, *Philip*, by Hamilton Aidé, *Clancarty*, by Tom Taylor, *The Clandestine Marriage*, *The School for Scandal* (a failure), *London Assurance*, and a lot of burlesques and *opéras bouffe*; against, in New York, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Davy Crockett*, *Monsieur Alphonse*, *Led Astray*, *The Veteran*, and *Love's Penance*. Remember, further, that New York has one million of inhabitants while London has three, and that it has been supporting Nilsson, Lucca, Murka, Campanini, Maurel, Capoul, Cary, Torriani, Wieniawski, Janauscheck, Booth, and Jefferson, not to talk of *Lohengrin* and *Aida*, and the comparison will be still more in our favour.

MUSIC IN VIENNA.

(From a Correspondent.)

Aida was produced on Wednesday, 29th of April, at the Grand Opera. The translation from Italian to German has marred its beauties immensely. It can scarcely be called the same opera. Naturally of a gloomy subject, and very Wagnerish music, it has become still more ponderous from the heavy German language being substituted for the impassioned Italian. Ten days before the first performance not a seat could be had, and it was almost as difficult for the second night. As a spectacular opera, nothing can be finer. The enormous stage was literally crowded with people—Indians, Egyptians, Bayaderes, armies, horses, &c.—they must have had five hundred people on the stage; the dresses were gorgeous, and the scenery worthy the splendid theatre,—there is not one piece in the whole opera that can be encored, the most musical and pleasing being a grand duet for the two sopranos; the next best, for the tenor and *Aida*; but still it is not what may be called a Verdi opera, as there is not one catching melody in it. It is all Wagner. Madame Wilt (Vilda at Covent Garden) was *Aida*, and her marvelous voice rang like a trumpet through the house. She has voice enough for six *prime donne*. If nature had only been as bountiful in other ways, or if she only knew how to sing, what a treasure she would be to an *impresario*; but, alas! she has but a voice. Herr Beck had one "burst" during the evening, which brought down the house. He must have been grand once; but "Time," with that sharp scythe of his, has been mowing down Herr Beck's voice till there is very little of it left, and that little gets sadly out of tune. The tenor was no *rara avis*, but was decent altogether. The opera was finely rendered and splendidly put upon the stage.

At the An der Wien the *Fledermaus* (the "Bat"), music by the famous waltz composer Johann Strauss, ran alternate nights with the Italian Opera. The music is bright and sparkling in the extreme, though too often reminding us of Offenbach—a thorough success. Strauss generally conducted, and was literally covered with honours. He is adored in Vienna, so they took kindly to his operetta, and encored everything. It is a most amusing work, and one you could go every night for a week to hear and not tire of it.

In the *Musical World* I read that a new field of industry had opened for ladies, by becoming conductors of orchestras: the Vienna ladies having taken the initiative; that is nothing to the branch of industry already established at Vienna, for the female of pluck and energy, not to mention muscle. Female bricklayers and masons are as common as cauliflowers. No house is built without female labourers. They carry the loads of bricks and mortar to the majestic male, who condescends to be waited on by the stronger sex. They wheel barrows of rubbish away, and otherwise make themselves generally useful. So ye females of England, who are panting for a sphere of usefulness (and profit), emigrate to Vienna, if they will not allow you to plunge into the business here; only I warn you that you will be perpetually obliged to climb up ladders, and wear very short petticoats, as they all do there.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

Sir,—There are many things connected with each other of which the world is ignorant. As a little boy I was innocent that the moon affected the tides. That there was any relationship between Neptune and "Oliver" I could not understand. I am now, consequently, very cautious ere I give my assent to supposed influences; and, in like manner, ere I give my denial to assertions of the kind. Were anyone to tell me that the warm weather was due to the new Chancellor's Budget, this sense of caution on my part would prevent me from contradicting the statement. Now it seems to me—I quietly suggest it—that there is a mysterious connection between three musical societies: the Philharmonic Society, the Royal Society of Musicians, and the Royal Academy of Music; but which of the three acts the part of "Oliver." I do not pretend to say. One spirit, it may be, flutters overall. Are they banded together by cords other than those of sympathy. Being in ignorance, I appeal to you. If there is a secret, I should like to be let into it.

To come to particulars:—If I desire to obtain a chance of becoming a member of the first-named society, is it an essential condition that I must have been tutored at the last-named? In the day of necessity is

the same condition requisite in order to obtain help from the resources of the Royal Society? And, also, is it another condition that the applicant must have been a subscriber to its funds since he attained the age of twenty-one? The musical world is not quite enlightened on these matters, and many of the donors to this society are in the same plight as to the end to which their beneficence goes. Perhaps it is well that they are not perfectly informed.

Again, is the Royal Academy of Music a stepping-stone to an appearance at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society? And are the subscribers to the latter aware of it? Then they are lending aid to the Royal Academy, and favouring one school of students to the injury of another. Those subscribers who know it act with their eyes open; those not aware of it ought not to be left unenlightened regarding such a feature of the Society. Does there exist fear that if this fact (assuming it to be one) were known some of the hitherto unenlightened might withdraw their support? If no such fear exists why not announce the fact?—as, on the ground that perfect indifference cannot be, this knowledge might be the means of augmenting the number of subscribers to these concerts. Patriotic Englishmen must support native talent; nay, must find pleasure in rendering it all the aid in their power. Instead, therefore, of fear of loss, the Philharmonic Society might have confidence that greater success would attend their concerts. But, on the other hand, among the subscribers there may be some—a very few—who dislike favouring any but the most talented, from whatever school they come. Perhaps the Society would, with pleasure, lose such, so that the members and subscribers might be more like a family party, with feelings, thoughts, musical views, and prejudices in common.

Such reflections as these bother the minds of some of the *outsiders*; and if you, Sir, would aid these unquiet spirits in ventilating these questions, many, like myself, living in ignorance as to the facts, might then be able to say "all serene," and no longer nourish that hope which is destined to be deferred till the heart sickens. The chief questions are:—

1st. For appearances at the Philharmonic Concerts, is preference given to Royal Academy Students over artists, in the true sense of the term, able and willing to lend professional service?

2nd. To get assistance in the hour of need from the Royal Society, is it a condition that the applicant must have been educated at the Royal Academy; also that he or she must have been a subscriber to the Society's funds from the time of being twenty-one years of age; and would a needy member of the Philharmonic Society have a claim superior to that of any one else, *ceteris paribus*?

If "yes" is the answer to the first, what an inducement is here offered to young ladies to enrol themselves as students! One bound from the Tenterden Street platform to that of the Philharmonic Society.

If "yes" answers the first part of question No. 2, what a sad look out for unfortunate musicians who happen not to have had their musical education in the vicinity of Hanover Square. If the second part of the same question be also affirmatively answered, lend your pity to the dejected musician who, unaware of this condition, was anxious to become a subscriber when he was forty, but whose subscription was refused unless he paid down at once all the annual subscriptions he would have paid had he commenced when he was twenty-one—which, alas!—he was unable to do.—I am, Sir, Yours obediently,

25th April, 1874.

J. G. NORANT.

DIRECTIONS FOR COMPOSING A "WAGNER" OVERTURE.

A sharp, where you'd expect a natural:

A natural where you'd expect a sharp:

No rule observe but the exceptional:

And then (first happy thought!) bring in a
HARP!

No bar a sequence to the bar behind:

No bar a prelude to the next that comes:

Which follows which, you really needn't mind:

But (second happy thought!) bring in your
DRUMS!!

For harmonies, let wildest discords pass:

Let key be blent with key, in hideous hash;

Then (for last happy thought!) bring in your
BRASS!

And clang, clash, clatter—clatter, clang, and clash!

Wednesday night.

A SUFFRAGER.

A COMMON-SENSE LETTER.

The dramatic critic of a newspaper in an American city recently wrote to Miss Charlotte Cushman, asking her, without much ceremony, to give a gratuitous representation for the benefit of the poor at that place, and requesting her to answer by telegraph "Yes" or "No." Here is the reply:—

"DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of yours of the 1st, in answer to which I find myself under the necessity of saying 'No,' to your request that I would give one of the nights of my short engagement in Washington for the benefit of your local charities. My reasons for this decision are as follows:—

"I think the time has come in which some one should make a protest against the system, now so fully inaugurated, of making artists pay so much more than the rest of the community for charities in which they are not especially interested, and which have no claim upon them. You simply ask of me that I should give from \$400 to \$500 to your poor, while those more immediately concerned, those who are bound by all the ties of neighbourhood and common brotherhood, think they are doing their part in paying their quota of a dollar or two, when they receive in return a full equivalent out of the labour, severe enough, of the often hard pressed and struggling artist. Each one of these already does to the best of his or her ability, within the range of the claims which fall upon every human creature alike. You may think it indelicate, but it is surely not irrelevant for me to say here, that I every year give to my poor and needy, and my poor's poor and needy, upward of \$2,000, which I consider a very fair percentage upon my income. As for myself, it would take every day of every year if I were to respond to one-half the applications of this kind that meet me at every turn; and each one of us who are so freely called upon in these ways, I have no doubt, have not only their regular clientele of claimants to whom they are bound, and for whom they are accountable, but also hosts of such applications and claims for which they are in no way bound.

"It strikes me that the whole affair is one-sided, and that a word is necessary in the way of justice. I am willing to place myself in this breach, and say for all my *confrères* in art—whose errors have never been on the side of niggardiness—that it is unfair we should do all the work, and pay also, both publicly and privately, as we do to my certain knowledge.

"Allow me to suggest that, in place of this easy manner of doing good, a house to house visitation for charitable objects would place it within the power of every citizen to help the poor of his own city and neighbourhood with much greater comfort to his conscience than this cent per cent contract of so much money for so much amusement—and the poor thrown in. Believe me to be, with much consideration, respectfully yours,

"CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN."

MR CHARLES HALLÉ.

What Mr Hallé has done, ever since he came to this country, to popularize "classical" pianoforte music among us, not merely in London, but elsewhere, is well known. That he is one of the most thoroughly accomplished of living pianists, a master in the fullest acceptation of the term, is, and has long been, universally admitted. His chief claim to consideration, however, is that he has invariably and persistently used his exceptional gifts and his exceptional talent for the good of the art he professes. No more devoted champion of the legitimate school, which means really the only one deserving the name of "school," has come among us; and this is said in full remembrance of the many great pianists, from Dussek, Clementi, J. B. Cramer, Moscheles, &c., who for so long a period made London their residence—not forgetting what Thalberg did in his peculiar way, and Thalberg's many (too many) imitators in theirs. In short, Mr Hallé's predilection has always been for that particular style of music the promulgation of a taste for which helps more than anything else to convince thinking people that the art pronounced "divine" was not intended to be merely the echo of what Lord Bacon calls "a tinkling cymbal," but for higher purposes and higher manifestations. In this view of his calling Mr Hallé has been throughout consistent, and on this account alone would be entitled to the consideration of all true amateurs. Of what materials his annual series of "Pianoforte Recitals" are made it is unnecessary for us to say; enough that, having almost exhausted the whole repertory of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Mendelssohn, to say nothing about the several remarkable specimens he has given us of Handel, Bach, Scarlatti, and the earlier masters, he has recently turned his attention to the pianoforte music of the present German school, while still adhering to the works of the universally-recognized masters, as the chief attractions of his programmes. Mr Hallé, moreover, has been

happy in his selections from modern composers, no better proof of which could be cited than the quartet in A major, for pianoforte, viola, and violoncello, of Johannes Brahms (now the musical hero of Germany), which he adopted from the first, and has succeeded in making popular. A finer performance of this remarkable piece than that given on Friday, in St James's Hall, by Mr Hallé, Madame Néruda—as much the "Queen" of violinists as Joseph Joachim is "King"—Herr Ludwig Straus, and Herr Franz Néruda, could not have been desired. The last-named gentleman, accredited violoncellist, by the way, to the King of Denmark, is an artist both of ability and promise. A trio in F, for pianoforte and stringed instruments, by Fritz Gernsheim, a rising Prussian composer, was an absolute novelty to Mr Hallé's patrons. This is a work full of genuine melody, constructed after the purest accepted models. Each of the four movements possesses an individual charm, which at once makes it acceptable to all hearers who prefer music with a purpose to music which is simply showy, and at the same time frivolous. The trio, played in perfection by Mr Hallé, M^{me} Néruda, and Herr Franz Néruda, was appreciated at its worth, and much applauded. We are greatly mistaken if we do not hear more of this young musician, of whom Germany is already proud. Mr Hallé also played (first time), with Madame Néruda and Herr Franz Néruda, one of the posthumous compositions of Schubert—a *Nocturno*, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in E flat, brief and unpretending, but beautiful from the first bar to the last. His chief solo was Beethoven's wonderfully poetic Sonata in E flat, *L'Adieu*, *L'Absence*, *et le Retour*, how he interprets which frequenters of the Monday Popular Concerts need hardly be reminded. He also played four movements from the sixth and last *Suite Française* of John Sebastian Bach, and played them in such a manner that the only regret was that any movement of the *Suite* should have been omitted. Here Mr Hallé, having the authority of position to sustain him, might set a good example. The entire "Recital" was in the highest degree attractive.—*Times*.

[About the second "Recital" we shall speak in our next number.—ED. M. W.]

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

BORN 1813. DIED 1873.

Oh, "build me a hut to die in,"

Away from the land I love;

No matter how humble, to lie in,

While my spirit is soaring above!

'Tis long since I gazed on the billow

That laves the sweet land of my birth;

'Tis long since I pressed the soft pillow

Of the home I love best upon earth!

I have wandered o'er desert and mountain,

In a country of treasures untold;

By broad rolling river and fountain,

And valleys, all precious with gold!

Unique in its wild, thrilling story;

In its terrible grandeur alone;

All poetry, beauty, and glory,

Yet never so fair as my own!

I'd forget all the storms I have weathered,

In this foreign, unsocial land;

I'd give all the lore I have gathered,

For the touch of a dear, homely hand!

How swiftly my life sands are falling,

How loose and how broken my rest;

But hark! what sweet voices are calling

The poor weary pilgrim to rest!

For me there is no earthly morrow;

I have entered the last mortal strife;

But think not I view it with sorrow;

To me 'tis the Angel of Life!

Then "build me a hut to die in,"

No matter how scanty and spare;

I have mansions in glory to lie in,

And rest from my labour and care!

Malvern, April 6th, 1874.

ELIZA F. MORRIS.

FRENCH PLAYS AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

DEAR MR EDITOR,—Monday last witnessed the appearance of M^{me} Favart in Octave Feuillet's drama of *Le Sphinx*. The piece has great merit, but I cannot help thinking some of the scenes are weak, and lack dramatic vigour. Of the acting of M^{me} Favart there is little to be said but praise. If she is weak in some situations, she is great in others; and the death scene was a masterpiece of art and facial expression. People are talking in Paris of the wonderful acting of M^{lle} Croizette in the part of Blanche de Chelles, but I question—"les extravagances apart"—if anything more natural and legitimate can be seen than the acting of M^{me} Favart. M^{lle} Kelly again distinguished herself by the "naïveté" and gracefulness of her acting, and fairly won the suffrages of her audience. M. Rosambeau made his *début*, and showed himself an actor of force and intelligence. The house was crowded.—I am, dear Mr Editor, yours faithfully,

May 13th, 1874.

IGNACE GIBSONE.

—o—
VERT-VERT.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Evidently the popular colour of Mr Francis Fairlie—who, blindly infatuated by M. Offenbach's music, Mr R. Mansell's dialogue, three new *prima donnas*, and, to be exact, 31 airily-attired young ladies, most of whom are of distinguished patronymies, but decidedly Smith-like and metropolitan aspects—has endeavoured to float a grand opera-bouffe. The attempt met with a reception which, although it possibly might not have come up to Mr Fairlie's idea of a triumph, was none the less marked. Not having seen the opera in Paris, where it achieved but slight popularity, it would be an utter impossibility to derive any notion of plot from the London adaptation. In the first act we see a host of the above-mentioned Smiths, as school-girls, disporting themselves, attired in apologies for pinafores and beautiful boots. As is the custom at young ladies' seminaries, they indulge, on the slightest provocation, in a chorus, which is not received with enthusiasm, owing, partly to the scions of noble ancestors possessing voices as microscopic as their pinafores, and partly to an utter disregard for time or tune. We are introduced to a foreign operatic celebrity, by name M^{lle} Manetti, who enacts the title rôle, Vert-Vert. This young lady being in the very last stage of fright is not able to do full justice to her continental reputation. We next hear (?) a love-ditty warbled by a gallant Count (Mr R. Mansell) to his lady-love, Bi-Bi (M^{lle} Elisa Savelli, *prima donna* No. 2, from the San Carlo, Naples, and, though not announced, from the Alhambra, London). The song evidently had a charm, judging by the delight expressed by Bi-Bi, but to the audience it was inaudible. A duet between a Mr Boyne and Mr Buckingham White followed, and the act was wound up by more discord on the part of the aristocrats.

Act II. was the one evidently most relied on for success, a Mr Gilmer Greville, enacting a chivalrous Captain Varenne, and attired in a sumptuous pair of violet "tights" (apparel which scarcely proclaims the soldier), attempted a duet with Mr Mansell; and as neither was in the possession of voice or nerve, the result was, as the hard has observed, "not a sound was heard." M^{lle} Ostelia, *prima donna* No. 3, then endeavoured to persuade the "gods" she had some right to the title, but in vain. The curtain fell, for the second time, to a perfect storm of hisses.

Act III., as may be supposed, gave the finishing touch to a failure more complete than *Ecarté*, and more deserved than *Fair France*. Neither Mr Mansell nor Mr Greville cared to appear again on the stage, though loudly and derisively demanded. A Parisian quadrille of the very worst type drove the few remaining ladies from the theatre, and finally, at 12.20, the curtain dropped on an exhibition the like of which every well-wisher of the English stage must deplore.

PUFF.

—o—
WAIFS.

Boucicault left for England last week.

Niblo's Garden is advertised to be let.

Signor Rendano, the Italian pianist, has arrived in London for the season.

Signor Campanini arrived from New York, in the Calabria, on Saturday.

A New York "notice" reads:—"Lodgins 2 let. Know puffmuss on brass intermence nede appli."

Nilsson sang very touchingly, "Please give me a penny, sir," at Boston Music Hall, the other evening. The manager gave her 100,000 pennies for singing it.

Herr Maurice Grau intends to go to Europe this summer for the purpose of engaging artists for his new theatre. He will probably import two companies for opera-bouffe.

Mr Charles Matthews made his re-appearance at the Gaiety Theatre, on Wednesday evening, in *Married for Money* and *The Critic*.

Mr Brinley Richards has accepted an invitation to give his lecture upon "National Music and Musical Instruments," at the University Colleges, Aberystwith in the month of July next.

Miss Neilson, after the close of next week, will give two readings, and then leave for England, where she will spend the summer. She is under engagement to Mr Strakosch for one year, commencing next Fall.—*Arcadian*.

Miss Emily Tate, the youthful pianist, has received an intimation to hold herself in readiness to come to Osborne or Windsor some day during the present month, to play before the Queen, previous to Her Majesty's departure for Scotland.

During the last outward passage to New York of the steamship Calabria (Captain M'Micken) Miss Edith Wynne and sister, who were among the passengers, gave a concert in aid of the Seamen's Orphan Institution, by which the sum of £35 was raised.

We are glad to see the North Wales Representative Choir is keeping together, and about to give a festival at Carnarvon; for, though the London National Music Meetings are adjourned, it is intended to afford this choir and others the chance of winning prizes in October, in what is called the metropolis of North Wales.

Miss Lillie Albrecht, the youthful pianist and composer, whom we have often had occasion to mention, announces a grand *matinée musicale* in Lowndes Square, Belgravia (by the kind permission of George Eyre, Esq.), to take place on Friday morning, May 29th, when she will play compositions by Beethoven, Thalberg, and other classical and modern composers.A new theatre was recently opened at Shanghai, China, within a hundred yards of the spot where stood the old Lyceum, which was burned down three years ago. It is capable of seating about 700 people, and the stage measures fifty-five feet by forty-five feet. The house was filled on the opening night, when the bill comprised *Incompatibility of Temper* and *Masks and Faces*.

Master Henry Walker, the pianist, has been playing in Chicago, and one of the genial critics of that village says:—"Let him have plenty of out-of-door, muscular exercise, nourishing food, abundant sleep, and freedom from excitement, and his chances to make a wonderful pianist are good; but his slender physique and attenuated legs now excite commiseration, and detract from the pleasure of listening to him."

Mr François Schott died at Milan on the 8th inst., of typhoid fever, when returning from a tour in Italy. Mr Schott was formerly Mayor of Mayence, Aulic councillor, and a commander of several orders. He was the sole proprietor of the great music-publishing firms of B. Schott's, Sons, at Mayence, and of the Maison Schott, of Paris, as well as a partner in the firm of Schott and Co., London. Mr François Schott was in his sixty-third year, and leaves a widow, but no children.

At a preliminary meeting, held by the permission of Mr Alfred Morrison at his residence in Carlton House Terrace, resolutions were passed that a permanent memorial be raised to perpetuate the recognition of services rendered by Owen Jones in the cause of decorative art, and that a public exhibition of his drawings and designs be made, by loan. Mr Coleridge Kennard has consented to act as honorary treasurer, and Mr Edward F. Pigott as honorary secretary. A first list of subscriptions, amounting to £300, was formed before the meeting dispersed.

At a committee meeting held at Carnarvon on Saturday, it was reported that the general conductor of the North Wales Choral Union, Mr Parry, Birkenhead, was that day holding a rehearsal of the Portmadoc and Pwllhell contingents, and that the Anglesea rehearsal would be held at Carnarvon on the following Saturday. Lord Penrhyn had conditionally signified his willingness to preside at one of the rehearsal concerts in Carnarvon Castle, and it was expected that the Duke of Westminster might act as chairman. The voices would number between 500 and 600, the Birkenhead Cambrian Choral Union, with string band, taking part.

The Royal marriage has created a public interest in all things Russian. To-day the Czar is our guest. A more appropriate moment for the advent of singers hailing from Russia could not have been chosen. At a private concert in Mr Pavy's picture gallery, Argyll Place, not long since, a company of eight Russian lady vocalists, who have been singing with success in Paris, displayed their capabilities before a select audience. Without entering into critical examination of their merits, it may be asserted that the new comers will form an acquisition to the concerts of the season. They do not confine themselves to Russian, but sing also in Swedish, Danish, and German. As an instance it may be mentioned that Strauss's "Danube," at their first concert, was given in the Venetian dialect.

It is well known that Nilsson is paid in gold, or its equivalent. When her recent Boston season closed, the premium on gold had risen a trifle, making a difference of about two dollars and a half on her salary of over eleven thousand dollars. She insisted upon the two and a half, and Manager Strakosch paid it.—*Dexter Smith.*

Certain of the dailies frequently astonish us by their opinions on musical matters, but we have seldom seen a more extraordinary statement than that made by a leading journal in its issue of Saturday, when it said—"Don Giovanni is not an opera that is likely to gain applause—at the present day." If the critic had written that for an effective performance the opera requires a very strong company, such as is seldom obtainable, no one would have contradicted the statement. *Don Giovanni*, when well cast, as it generally is in Paris and London, is always one of the most reliable stand-bys of the manager. Nearly all musicians, if asked which are the two finest operas, will reply—"Fidelio and *Don Giovanni*;" but as *Fidelio* has seldom been performed here, we expect to be told that it would be "scarcely likely to gain applause."—*Arcadian.*

The *Liverpool Daily Post* says:—

"We have been called upon by some of the executive committee of the forthcoming festival, and have been requested to remove any misapprehensions which may have been occasioned in the mind of the public by an article on the festival which appeared in a contemporary on Saturday. We are authorized to state that, although the performances will be given in the Philharmonic Hall, because there is no other suitable room for the purpose, the Philharmonic Society, as a body, is in no way the promoter, nor yet connected with the scheme; and the festival will not be a 'season of Philharmonic concerts,' but one 'which will do credit to the second town in the kingdom,' if the employment of the best executants procurable for money can make it so. The guarantee fund, we are glad to hear, is already over £5,000. We are also requested to express the surprise and annoyance felt by the executive, as well as to point out the inconvenience occasioned by the correspondents of London musical papers giving unauthorized reports of what is or is not to be done at the festival. If they have suggestions to make it would be more courteous to send them privately to the committee; or if the anxiety to appear to have early news is the cause of so many paragraphs, surely it would be wiser to assure themselves of the correctness of the information before transmitting it to London. We extract one which is, we are assured, wrong in every particular:—'Sir Julius Benedict is to be asked to write a new Symphony, and M. Gounod a Cantata, specially for the Liverpool Festival, which is to commence on September 28th, and to comprise two morning and three evening concerts, a ball, and a grand military and miscellaneous concert on the last day.'"

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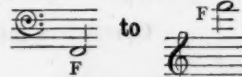
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